

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE OLD WORLD. By JAMES W. WALL, . . .	111
II. LINES ON MY THIRTY-NINTH BIRTH-DAY. By JOHN G. SAXE, . . .	120
III. THE DEAD BOY. By HENRY A. CLARK, . . .	121
IV. THE TWO SISTERS: OR, LOVE AND PRIDE. CONCLUDED, . . .	122
V. LINES, . . .	123
VI. SONG OF THE MECHANIC, . . .	120
VII. THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING. By THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY, . . .	131
VIII. THE EMPTY CHURCH, . . .	137
IX. LETTERS TO ELLA. NUMBER ONE, . . .	139
X. SPIRIT LOVE. By HENRY P. LELAND, . . .	142
XI. A RECOLLECTION OF NEWPORT. By ELWYVEIN, . . .	143
XII. INDEPENDENCE ODE. By W. H. C. HOSMER, . . .	150
XIII. SONNET, . . .	151
XIV. THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY, . . .	151
XV. STANZAS TO MYRA. By LAWRENCE LABREE, . . .	155
XVI. THE GLORY ON THE GRAVE. By MRS. JULIA McMASTERS, . . .	156
XVII. PAUL LE BURG'S MAGIC, . . .	157
XVIII. LINES TO A MOTHER ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN, . . .	159
XIX. AN UNKNOWN GRAVE IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, NEW-YORK, . . .	160
XX. A TALE OF MY GRAND-FATHER, . . .	161

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., . . .	188
2. THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By J. S. C. ABBOTT, . . .	191
3. PEG WOFFINGTON: A NOVEL. By CHARLES READ, . . .	193
4. THE DIAMOND CROSS AND OTHER TALES. By CLARA MORTON, . . .	194
5. COZZENS' WINE PRESS: FIRST VOLUME, . . .	196
6. COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST, . . .	199
7. MY CONFESSION: THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE, AND OTHER TALES, 201	

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. EXTRACTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME OF POEMS, . . .	202
2. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . .	205

- EDITOR'S DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST. 2. CONTENTS OF CARPET-BAG. 3. INTRODUCTION OF THE PUBLISHER TO THE READERS, WHO TRIES HARD TO GET INTO THE EDITOR'S STYLE, BUT 'CAN'T COME IT.' 4. IMITATIONS OF G. P. R. JAMES. 5. WASHINGTON IRVING. 6. CHARLES DICKENS. 7. PASSAGE ON THE RIP VAN WINKLE TO ALBANY. 8. LINES ON LEAVING THE CITY. 9. REV. SIDNEY SMITH. 10. INTERESTING DOG-STORY TOLD IN THE SANCTUM. 11. PETITION FROM A VICTIM OF A TYRANT TO THE GREAT MR. PEPPER. 12. LETTER FROM MR. PEPPER IN REPLY. 13. ANECDOTE OF DR. TYNG. 14. PUBLISHER STOPPED OFF SUDDENLY. 15. THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS. 16. LINES ON HENRY CLAY: BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE. 17. DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE. 18. MRS. PARSHALLS' DISH-KETTLE. 19. NOBLE INSTANCE OF TRUE BENEVOLENCE. 20. YANKEE ENTERPRISE. 21. A MAN WHO COULD DIE WHEN HE PLEASED. 22. SOUTHERN ELOQUENCE. 23. WILLIAM B. WOOD, THE ACTOR. 24. BORROWING SERMONS. 25. EDWARD EVERETT. 26. JOHN PHENIX OF SAN-FRANCISCO. 27. HAZLITT ON THE OPERA. 28. SONNET TO 'A COUNTRY POST-OFFICE.' 29. NIGHT-BATTLE AT SEBASTOPOL. 30. FRENCH EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. 31. LEGAL INGENUITY: 'HOMICIDAL INSANITY.' 32. HOUSES IN EDINBURGH. 33. SCIENTIFIC BURLESQUE. 34. PROFESSOR LOWELL. 35. 'COURTIN' SCENES. 36. RHYMES FOR WINDOW. 37. VISION AND PROVISION. 38. VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMPSON'S CHILD. 39. SHADOWS. 40. SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. 41. EXCURSION TO THE NORTH.

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No. 2.

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

RICHMOND, WARWICK, KENILWORTH, STRATFORD.

WE were glad to take refuge from the suffocating smoke and the incessant clatter of the streets of London, amid the quiet shades of beautiful Richmond. There are many points here and in the immediate vicinity interesting from their literary associations. The place itself was the home of the poet Thomson, and he sleeps under a gray stone slab in its ancient church. Rosedale House, where he resided, is still standing, and they show you the chair on which he sat, the table on which he wrote, and *the peg on which he hung his hat!* From its glorious hill he looked with a poet's eyes upon that magnificent landscape, that has lost none of its charms since he first so sweetly described it in his poem on Summer. Here, too, Collins resided for some considerable time, and composed many of his poems. He left Richmond after the death of his friend Thomson, whose loss he so eloquently and pathetically bewails in those lines commencing :

'In yonder grave a Druid lies.'

Turning with lingering steps and oft-repeated 'last looks' from this mount, the British Parnassus, we strolled on toward Twickenham, which, nestling upon the verdant banks of 'the silvery Thames,' among embowered shades, is a pleasant hour's walk from Richmond. Here Pope's villa once stood, but now the site of that once-familiar home of the muses is desecrated by some Goth of a tea-merchant, who has dared to erect thereon an architectural monstrosity, half-pagoda, half-tea-chest; and as if to add insult to the injury, (*'horresco referens,'*) the fellow has erected a sign-board on the lot adjacent, where one may read, in large staring characters: '*Pope's grove, in lots to suit purchasers; terms easy.*' The spirit of speculation has no soul for poetry, neither has Thomas Young, tea-merchant. One would have supposed

VOL. XLVI.

8

that the haunt of such an ornament of their literature, such a master of their language, would have been thought worthy by Englishmen of a national tutelage and public consecration. Here at least would have been sacred ground, so hallowed by classic associations, and so feelingly and beautifully alluded to by the great poet himself in those admirable lines :

‘To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur and commend.
Know all the distant din the world can keep,
Rolls o’er my grotto and but soothes my sleep :
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place:
There *St. John* mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.’

In his private relations, there never existed a better man. The tender care and affection of parents, who had preserved him to the world through a helpless infancy and a valetudinarian childhood, he repaid through life, with the most filial respect, the most untiring affection. The man who was admired and loved by Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Young, Arbuthnot ; caressed by Bathurst, Oxford, and Murray ; whose friendships were as fervent as his thoughts, and as lasting as his life, must have had no ordinary art in enchainning the affections and preserving the fond regard of such as he honored with his intimacy. Here in his beautiful retreat, to use the heart-language of one of his letters : ‘He grew fit for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow. God’s works here come nearest God’s works there, and to my mind a true relish of the beauties of Nature is the most easy preparation and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven.’

Strawberry-Hill, once the favorite retreat of Horace Walpole, is but a short ride from Twickenham. The queer old Gothic fabric is now fast going to ruin. The plaster is peeling off, and the bare lath exposed in many places. Nothing remains of that curious collection he spent years in gathering, and which it required a twenty-five days’ sale to dispose of, save only some antiquated painted glass, in its little low windows, and some curious old hangings upon the walls of the round chamber, where George Selwyn often ‘set the table in a roar.’ The old library, in an upper chamber, still exhibits richly-painted figures on its low ceiling, while the shelves, with their literary treasures gone, and his worm-eaten library-table, where his ‘*Castle of Otranto*’ was written, give evidence of the desolation that now reigns in all the chambers where the old literary gossip once delighted to wander and to muse. It was of this house, writing to his friend Conway, and dating from the place, Walpole says : ‘You perceive I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows with filigree hedges :

‘A SMALL Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.’

It was here he collected that splendid gallery of paintings, teeming with the finest works of the greatest masters ; matchless enamels of im-

mortal bloom by Bordier and Zincke; chasing the workmanship of Cellini and Jean de Bologna; noble specimens of Faenza ware from the pencils of Robbia and Bernard Palizzi; glass of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Cousin and other masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture; exquisite and matchless missals painted by Raphael and Julio Clovio; magnificent specimens of cinque-cento armor; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history; engravings in countless numbers and of infinite value; and a costly library extending to fifteen thousand volumes, and abounding in splendid editions of the classics. But Strawberry-Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, was destined to illustrate the sad truth, 'that nothing on earth continueth in one stay.' The antique mirror that once reflected the fair features of a Mary Stuart, and the jeweled goblet that once was brimmed with ruby wine at the chivalrous feasts of the founder of the Garter; the Damascened blade that hung by the side of a Du Guesclin, all once the pride of the owner of Strawberry-Hill, have passed with the rest of the curiosity-shop into the various cabinets of Europe, to be again in their turn dispersed or lost sight of for ever. In a few months, the very structure which contained all these wonders will be pulled down, to make room for a larger and more improved edifice, to be built by Earl Waldegrave, a descendant of Walpole's.

Leaving Richmond, we tarried only long enough at Windsor to explore a few of its interesting localities. The range of state apartments in its ancient castle is indeed splendid, hung with rare paintings and most interesting portraits of some of the earlier sovereigns. The Vandyke room, devoted to portraits of Charles the First and family, by the artist who has given his name to the chamber, is alone worth the visit. There is a strange interest awakened in gazing at the melancholy yet beautiful face of this most unfortunate of monarchs, who only proved his royalty when it was too late, by dying nobly upon the scaffold. The Queen's private apartments, which, through the special favor of the Lord Chamberlain, we were permitted to visit, are furnished with great richness and elegance. The views from the windows of all these rooms are most ravishingly beautiful, embracing both the scenery of the Home and the Great Park, which are not surpassed in Europe. I cannot now linger over the historic associations awakened by the noble castle itself, nor will I attempt to describe the charming scenery that makes Windsor Great Park and Virginia Water celebrated all over the civilized world; for I must hasten on to describe, '*currente calamo*,' our visit to Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when we set out from the Regent's Hotel, Leamington, for Warwick Castle. It was one of those mornings that Little John in 'Robin Hood' thought 'the most joyful in all the year,' a clear, still morning in June:

'From groves and meadows all imperled with dew
 Rose silvery mists; no eddying wind swept by:
 The cottage chimneys half-concealed from view
 By their embowering foliage, sent on high
 Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled to the sky.'

Nothing could exceed the delightful coolness and fragrance of the atmosphere, laden with the scent of the new-mown hay, while those only who have looked out upon a morning landscape in England, glittering in the rays of the newly-risen sun, reflected from every dew-drop, and luxuriant with that rich verdure which alone belongs to an English clime, can attain a full comprehension of its exceeding loveliness. It was not long before we found ourselves knocking at the door of the outer gateway of the castle, then treading the narrow approach, cut through the solid rock, and leading up to the old home of many a feudal baron. Nothing can be finer than the graceful sweep of this curious pathway, which, being covered with ivy, and its summit mantled with noble trees, the fine proportions of the castle are hidden until they burst upon you all at once as this pathway terminates. The effect is certainly very grand. But it is not until the great gateway is passed that you learn to comprehend the vast extent of the building. The part of the castle which serves as a residence is then seen on the left hand. Its principal front, however, is turned from you toward the river Avon, along which it stretches for four hundred feet. A strong outer wall, with all needful defences, incloses the great base court, and was in ancient times surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which is now drained, and green with vegetation, and over which you pass by a small bridge, to stand beneath the noble arch of the gateway, still defended by its ancient portcullis. This castle has been well called the most splendid relic of feudal times in England. Its history is the history of a long line of the Earls of Warwick, reaching down to our times from the days of William the Conqueror. The most remarkable point of that history, however, was when the culmination of its glory was reached in the person of 'the King-maker,' whose name Shakespeare has made, as he prophesied it would become,

'Familiar in our mouths as household words.'

But we have no inclination to dwell upon its historic associations, which ought to be in the memory of every lover of English history; and therefore without further pause let us enter the noble pile. Entering the inner court, and passing up a grand old stone stair-way, under an arch that had a Norman look about it, a large carved oaken door opened at our summons, and we stood within the old baronial hall of the castle. It has recently been restored, and a most magnificent floor of paste-colored marbles of a diamond pattern laid down, while the roof is of the ornamental Gothic, in the shandrils of the arches of which are carved the bear and ragged staff, the armorial device of the House of Warwick. The walls are wainscoted with oak, deeply embrowned by age, and hung with ancient armor worn by many a bold baron of the House of Warwick in the fierce struggles on English soil, and upon the scorching plains of Palestine, where the 'cross out-blazed the crescent.' Here and there may be seen the good old cross-bows that had twanged in many a stern border struggle, with their arrows

'Of a cloth yard long or more.'

The antlers of several 'monarchs of the herd,' who had fallen in the chase, graced the upper part of the magnificent windows, while the ancient and grand fire-place, with its huge logs piled before it, reminded one strongly of the olden time, when the mailed retainers of the ancient barons gathered in cheerful groups round 'the wide hearth of the old baronial hall.' Three large Gothic windows, placed in deep recesses, shed a pleasing softened light throughout the room, while busy fancy, led back to deeds and days of other years, conjures up the mail-clad knight, the bold but lordly baron, and the 'ladie fair,' and peoples with ideal beings a spot so truly appropriate for indulging in romantic ideas. The prospect from the windows is indeed charming. The soft and classic Avon here 'flows gently' over in a cascade one hundred feet beneath you, laves the foundation of the castle, and continues its meandering way through the extensive and highly cultivated park. That landscape is still indelibly impressed upon my memory. On the right, the undulating foliage of forest-trees of every hue, intermingled with the stately cedar, spreading its curiously-feathered branches, and the verdant lawn, where groups of cattle were grazing; on the left, the picturesque and ornamental ruins of the old bridge, with shrubs and plants flinging their tendrils around its ruined arches. I should have loved to linger in that old hall, conjuring up the associations that in such a place crowd upon even the most ordinary imagination. But with the large party that accompanied us, we had to play the game of 'follow your leader,' and pass through state-room after state-room, filled with paintings, mosaic tables, richly-carved buffets, gorgeous furniture, rare and splendid China, with articles of vertu innumerable. One room deserving particular notice was the 'cedar chamber,' lined with the most fragrant cedar from floor to ceiling, and crowded with the richest and rarest furniture. In Lady Warwick's boudoir, a lovely little room, hung with pea-green satin and velvet, I noticed two cabinet portraits, painted from life by Holbein, of Anne Boleyn, and of her sister Mary. They are both radiant with beauty; but all preferred the mild, sweet face of the sister who was fortunate enough not to attract the amorous glances of the royal Blue-beard. In the magnificent grounds attached to the castle may be seen the far-famed Warwick vase. It is a magnificent work of art, in white marble, and of circular shape. It has two large handles, exquisitely formed of interwoven vine branches, from which the tendrils, leaves, and clustering grapes spread round the upper margin. The middle of the body is enfolded by the skin of the panther, with the head and claws beautifully finished. Above are the heads of satyrs, bound with wreaths of ivy, accompanied by the vine-clad spear of Bacchus, and the crooked staff of the augurs. This vase was found at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli, and certainly is in every way worthy the taste of its first owner.

The day after our visit to Warwick, we left Leamington for Kenilworth, only some five miles away. Long before we reached the ruins of the ancient pile of Castle Kenilworth, we could discern them looming up in majestic grandeur. Halting at the little inn near the ruin, we crossed the road to the great gateway built by the Earl of Leicester, where we met a rough-looking specimen of humanity, who informed

us that '*he was the man who took care of the ruin.*' Through the small gate entrance we passed the noble gate-house of Leicester, still entire, with its majestic portico sculptured with his arms, and by its elaborate architectural adornment attesting the magnificence of its former proprietor. In a few moments, we were standing upon the green sward, once the outer court of the castle, and there right before us, in all its magnificence, stood the hoary pile. Proudly seated on an elevated spot, it exhibits in grand display mouldering walls, dismantled towers, broken battlements, shattered stair-cases, and fragments more or less perfect of arches and windows, some highly ornamented and beautiful. Nor are the more usual picturesque decorations wanting. The gray moss creeps over the surface of the mouldering stone, and the long spiry grass waves over the top of the ramparts. To the corners and cavities of the roofless chambers cling the nestling shrubs, while with its deepening shades the aged ivy expands in clustering masses over the side-walls and buttresses, or hangs in graceful festoons from the tops of the arches and the tracery of the windows. The grand square structure which we passed on entering the court-yard was formerly the principal entrance to the castle. From the point where we first halted to gaze upon the majestic ruin, appear what is styled '*Cæsar's Tower,*' and Leicester's buildings, with a space thrown open between, but once occupied by the buildings called after the bluff Harry, who once dishonored them with his presence. The vast square building on our right called '*Cæsar's Tower,*' is the strongest, most ancient, and perfect part of the ruin. Next to this tower were the buildings occupied by retainers, but very little remains of these to be seen. Beyond is the strong tower, to whose top we ascended, and over the crumbling turrets of which the rich ivy hung in clustering masses. From its summit a most charming prospect spread out before the eye. Having with me an engraving taken from a painting of Kenilworth before the spoiler came, it was very easy to trace the outer wall, the inclosure, and the site of the ancient lake which once spread itself over the country beyond the outer wall for more than two miles. How different now the prospect from what it was in the time of Dudley! Then the clear waters of the lake reflected the magnificent proportions of Kenilworth,

'WHERE mighty towers
Upraised their heads in conscious pride of strength;'

while as far as the eye could reach, lay the wooded pride of its noble park, embracing some twenty miles within its range. Now, meadows green with the luxuriance of English verdure, stretch away from the foot of the ruin, and fields are seen gently undulating with their ripening grain, where once lay the grassy slopes of that '*moste delishtsome parke,*' covered with

'THE careless red steer,
Full of the pasture.'

Descending from the highest point of the tower, we soon reached the old banqueting-hall, immortalized in the glowing tale of '*The Wizard of the North,*' still a grand apartment, about eighty-five feet long and

fifty wide, lighted by noble windows with lofty arches, ornamented with rich tracery, and now most exquisitely festooned with ivy. The two bayed recesses, the three light Gothic window mullions, and fine arched doorway, so appropriately and elegantly sculptured with vine-leaves, and clustered with the richest draperies of ivy, have a very picturesque appearance. The trunk of some of this ivy is of great thickness, and it is so old that in some places the branches are sapless and leafless, while the gray stalks seem to crawl about the ruins in sympathy. Nature has been the upholsterer here, and hung these ancient walls, that once reëchoed to the merry song, the banquet's mirth, and the light step of the resounding dance, with tapestry more cunning and exquisite than the far-famed Gobelin. The old carved fire-places are still distinctly visible, and the entire outline of the chamber almost perfect. As I stood in the deep recess of one of its noble windows, and looked out upon the scene, on a branch of ivy above my head, a beautiful bird was pouring out all the melody of his soul through his golden-hued throat. Never had I listened to any thing half so exquisite. The sound seemed to fill those deserted chambers with melody. 'The princely home of mighty chiefs' had become

'A SHELTER for the bird who stays,
His weary wing to rest,'

and from the ivy that mantled the chamber, where often human revelry had awakened its echoes into song, was carolling forth his sweetest lays.

Nothing can describe the sense of perfect desolation as you stand within this ruined hall : it falls with crushing force upon the spirits, and brings before you with startling effect the complete emptiness of all worldly state and grandeur. After lingering about the ruins for an hour or more, the descending sun warned us to depart, and we turned away, 'lingering, loth to leave.'

A few days after our visit to Kenilworth, we drove over to Stratford, passing through the old town of Warwick, with its curious, antiquated little houses, and its ancient hospital, founded by Leicester during the reign of Elizabeth. The little town of Stratford is like any other country town, with a street directly through it, and others deviating to the right and left. The houses and shops on either side are of the usual character, many very old-fashioned. Some of the shops were ornamented with modern plate-glass, and many stored with a very excellent assortment of goods. The Shakspearian part of Stratford is quite of an antique character. The house itself where it is said the bard first saw the light, is a most forlorn-looking structure. The front has no glazed casement, but is protected from the rain and sun by a drooping shelf, like a flap to a table. Above that is a kind of sign-board, jutting out into the street, on which is inscribed : 'The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house.' Above is a window in four compartments, with small cottage-like panes of glass. This window lights the scene of the poet's nativity. You enter the little shop below, guarded by a rustic half-door, and soon find yourself on sacred ground. The shop is very small, at the back of which is a kitchen smaller still,

where the boy Shakspeare is supposed to have passed many a happy hour. The walls, windows, and even the ceiling abound with inscriptions, snatches of poetry, names of visitors, etc. You feel eager to ascend the tottering stair-case, and find yourself in the chamber where the idol of your adoration is believed to have been ushered into the world. On arriving there, you instinctively advance with head uncovered, for you feel that you are treading a spot hallowed by the birth of the greatest genius the world has ever known. The room is so small that a man of medium stature can easily touch the ceiling with his hand. The chamber else is rather large for the building. You go to the front window, and there upon one of the panes in very minute letters, written with a diamond, is the name of Walter Scott: on a pane above, in large characters, that of one of the numerous family of Smith, the veritable John. There is now in fact no space on any one of the panes for the minutest letter. The ceiling and walls are so filled with inscriptions, lines of poetry, etc., that the appearance presented from the middle of the room is that of a large spider's web. These inscriptions, objectionable as they are in other public places, here betoken a feeling of a praiseworthy character. They tell of the universality of the poet's fame, inasmuch as there is scarcely a spot on the civilized globe that has not its representative here. After remaining a short time in conversation with the old crone who had been given the charge of the building by the Shakspearian committee, who are now the owners, we left for the church, where the remains of the great dramatist rest. The church is situate on the Avon, fringed by willows, whose branches entangle with the stems of the water-lilies that grow along its banks. The tower, transepts, and some other portions are of the early English style, and very perfect; the remainder belongs to a later period, but is not less graceful. The approach to the church from the town is by a curious avenue of old lime-trees, forming a perfect arbor over-head, by the interlacing of their branches. As you enter, the first glance reveals to you the sacredness of the place. The anxious eye is not long in discovering the poet's grave. On the left-hand side, near the great window, may be discerned, set in the wall, his monument, and right beneath it, a short distance removed, a small gray slab covers all of the poet that could die, with the well-known inscription, which they tell you has served more than any thing else to preserve sacred his bones; but I very much doubt if the poet himself ever composed such vile doggerel.

The bust in his monument looks placidly down upon you, and whether the resemblance be true or not, you get reconciled to the hope that it is an exact likeness. They all say at Stratford that it was taken from a cast made of his face after death, and I believe that was always the opinion of the famous sculptor Chantrey. The rest of the Shakspeare family lie side by side on the elevated step close to the rails of the altar.

On returning from Stratford, I could not help reflecting upon the potency of such a fame as Shakspeare's. Pilgrims of all ages and lands go to Stratford to see what? — a little, low, dingy room, inclosed by four mean white-washed walls, and a plain gray slab in a country church,

with an inscription carved thereon. But Shakspeare was born in the one, and his honored dust reposes beneath the other. In that humble-looking chamber did one of the greatest minds the DIVINE BEING ever sent into the world first see the light, first look through its infant eyes upon a fond mother's smiles and tears. There beneath that humble shed lay the winged genius in 'its callow down,' nestling close to the parent bosom, but destined in time to sweep through the regions of thought with the undazzled eye and upon the strong pinion of the eagle. There *he* was born, and that fact sheds a splendor over the old walls, more dazzling far than tapestries, mirrors, pictures, and all the pomp and pride of king's palaces can bestow. Genius has a kingship of its own: it needs no mantle, orb, or sceptre. It is its own regalia, and before its inherent majesty crowned heads, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets have done and will continue to do the most reverent homage. This spell of beauty which genius casts over objects but little interesting in themselves, such as blasted oaks and time-worn, battered cottages, manifests the superiority of time over matter, and proves how the associations of intellect can ennoble the meanest forms of materialism, and create the most interesting memorials out of the lowest things.

On our drive homeward, we passed the seat of the Lacys, whose ancestor arraigned the young Shakspeare for deer-stealing, and whose hated memory the poet has embalmed in ridicule for ever, under the character of 'Justice Shallow.' So little changed is the place, that fancy may almost unbidden call up the aspect of the scene when he 'who was for all time' wandered along its thick-hedged lanes. You can almost think you hear the voice of Sir Thomas Lacy chiding his keeper for the loss of the 'fallow deer,' and the half-suppressed chuckle of a youthful by-stander, then all unknown, but who was afterward to fill the world with his fame. The mansion appears quite unaltered; the humbler dwellings of red brick only a little older; the park palings merely made more picturesque by the overgrowing lichen, and the park, as well as the sweet Avon, exactly as they were more than a century and a half ago, the one 'flowing gently,' and the other supplying as of yore

'MANY an oak whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;'

while the same deer, 'dappled fools,' only look more conscious than they did of more perfect safety in their assigned and native dwelling-place. Art and nature here seem to have stopped short of all improvement. There has been no need of the one to disturb the renown which the locality receives from the other. Even the stocks that stand under a group of patrician trees, are suffered to die of natural decay. Charlecotte has a renown given to it by the poet which the present owners and descendants of the ancient Lacys would 'willingly let die.' The present young Lord of the Manor of Hampton Lacy feels to this day the sting of the poet's sarcasm upon his ancestor. The whole neighborhood around here is full of beauty. The land is 'passing rich,' while at every moment through some leafy avenue glimpses are caught of the 'gently flowing Avon.' Amid these dells, and by these verdant

hill-sides was the youth of Shakspeare nourished, and taught of Nature :

'Here as with honey gathered of a rock
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft soothed his wondering ears with deep delight.'

Every step we trod was hallowed ground. Here in all this neighborhood he passed many a happy hour when a boy, or when he retreated back to his birth-place from the turmoil of busy life, to 'die like the deer where he was roused.' That day at Stratford will long be remembered as the most interesting of my life.

Burlington, June 13, 1853.

L I N E S O N M Y T H I R T Y - N I N T H B I R T H D A Y .

B Y J O H N G . S A X E

I.

Ah me! the moments will not stay!
Another year has rolled away;
And June (the second) scores the line
That tells me I am Thirty-nine!

II.

As thus I haste the mile-stones by,
I mark the numbering with a sigh;
And yet 'tis idle to repine
I've come so soon to Thirty-nine!

III.

Ah! few that roam this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers,
Have trod a brighter path than mine
From blithe thirteen to Thirty-nine!

IV.

Health, home, and friends, (life's solid part,)
A merry laugh, a fresh, young heart,
Poetic dreams and love divine —
Have I not *these* at Thirty-nine?

V.

O Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay thy future lashes light,
And, trust me, I will not repine
At *twice* the count of Thirty-nine!

T H E D E A D B O Y .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

WITH gentle breezes came the spring,
And earth's first buddings promised bloom,
And hope renewed they seemed to bring,
And half-reclosed the waiting tomb.
A softer light dwelt in those eyes,
That long were sadly on thee cast,
As those who watch the flower that dies,
Whose stem is broken by the blast.

Oh! who may know the mighty power
That Hope builds up within the heart,
That stands until the latest hour,
Until the feeblest fibres part?

It seemed thou wert too young to die!
Why should the fearful conqueror DEATH
Pass ready age, and weary, by,
To steal thy young and joyous breath?
Why choose for his remorseless stroke
The fair young tree, so fresh and new,
And spare the old decaying oak,
Whose life had worn a century through?

Alas! we know not: we but know
The oft-repeated lesson taught,
That hope, love, life, and all must go,
While God's great mysteries are wrought:
We know that in the stern fixed round
His vast, eternal systems take,
The sum of earthly things is found,
Like waves that beat the shore and break.
And 't is a glorious thought for man,
That in that after-life we dread,
His spirit-mind shall freely scan
Those fearful mysteries, now unread!

And thou art laid to rest, young boy!
The grave-clods press upon thy brow,
And earth has less of love and joy
To those who sadly mourn thee now.
The skies were dark, the storm was wild,
Winter renewed his grasp on Spring,
Sad Nature wept with those, fair child,
Who joined for thee their sorrowing.

But brighter skies shall gladden earth,
And airs more soft and mild shall be,
And brighter hopes shall yet have birth
In hearts that now are torn for thee!

For thou shalt come to them in dreams,
 With whisperings from the spirit-land,
 And oft when night's star radiance gleams,
 Thy form shall seem by them to stand,
 Not in the semblance earth had given,
 Ere the freed spirit cast its clod,
 But robed in beauty, born of heaven,
 And radiant from the throne of God.

Chicago, (Ill.,) June, 1855.

The Two Sisters: or, Love and Pride.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'STORIES OF GENERAL WARREN.'

PART TWO.

MARGARET was at first stunned by the suddenness of the shock; but, with her characteristic energy, she was soon able to attend to the sad duties now devolving on her. She sent for her brother and sister, who with difficulty could believe it possible that their father had left them thus suddenly, without one word of parting. Adeline hung over him, kissing his cold hands and cheeks, and entreating that he would once more smile upon her; and she almost fancied that he did so, for his last bright thoughts had left their traces on his countenance.

Mr. Collins was followed to the beautiful inclosure in the midst of his own woods where the remains of his wife were deposited, by a large concourse of friends from the neighboring city, who felt that they had lost one to whom, in every emergency, they could look for sympathy and counsel. He had been for many years the Governor of the State, and most wisely did he guide its councils through the trying events of the Revolution. His domestics mourned him as a father rather than as a master. Most of them had been in his family from infancy, and bore his name; and although at his death they received their freedom, it did not reconcile them to that event, and many of them would not quit a roof under which they had been so happy.

The mournful ceremony over, one day was devoted to dwelling on the many reminiscences of love which were recalled by every surrounding object, and then a most melancholy task had to be discharged. It was necessary before the family separated that the will of their deceased parent should be read. How sad it is that, before the tears are dry which the death of a revered friend, more especially that of a parent, has called forth, we should be summoned from the hallowed and purifying feelings which such an event ought to excite, to the sordid thoughts of property, and how often, too, have emotions of anger and disappointment taken the place of the feelings of sympathy and affection which

ought at such moments to fill our hearts ! But, alas ! such is human nature.

The afflicted family assembled, and the will was read ; but, to the astonishment of all, with the exception of one of the party present, Mr. Collins was found to have left his whole property to his elder daughter, with the reservation of some small legacies to Adeline and her oldest boy. That her father should have been able to overlook the fact that the husband of his beloved Adeline was dependent entirely upon his profession for the support of his large family, at a time when the country was but slowly recovering from the effects of a most expensive war, and when, however extensive a physician's practice might be, its remuneration was small and uncertain ; and, under these circumstances, should have left his large estates and extensive income to her who had so little comparative need of them, spoke but too plainly of an undue and unjust influence. There was, however, no remedy.

'We will not regret the loss of property so unjustly obtained,' was Dr. W——'s exclamation to his wife and son as they were alone, 'for we would not exchange situations with your sister ; our riches are far greater than any she possesses ; for love cannot be purchased by wealth. Let us, however, hasten to leave this roof, with which we have had formerly so many happy associations, for our presence must now be a constant source of reproach.'

Their preparations were soon made, and, taking with them one of the domestics whom their master's kindness had freed, and who earnestly entreated 'Missee Adeline' to let him accompany her, they took their departure with many painful reflections. But when surrounded once more by their affectionate children, emotions of gratitude quickly usurped the place in their minds of any bitterness of feeling that might have mingled with their sadness. George, the oldest son, had been so much with his grand-father that the thought of his death was one he could hardly realize.

'Shall I, indeed, see Grand-papa no more ?' was his eager question while his mother was endeavoring to make him comprehend the event which had so recently occurred. 'Not here, my love, not in this world,' was Adeline's reply, while her fast-falling tears moistened the hand so earnestly grasping her own ; 'but if you follow his example, you will, I trust, meet him where no death can enter.'

And as his mother imprinted a kiss on that fair, open brow, which was now unsullied by a thought which angels might not witness, she uttered a silent prayer to HEAVEN that her darling boy might long, long be kept thus pure, and be finally admitted to that kingdom into which her departed parents had entered.

Necessarily much secluded after her father's death, Margaret, who was now sole mistress of her noble establishment, felt a void which she soon realized wealth alone could not satisfy, especially when unattended by happy thoughts. She had not actually been guilty of fraud, but, as the constant dropping of water wears away stone, so did the constant hints which she had insinuated to her father during his life-time finally produce the effect of convincing him that, were his property divided, she could no longer maintain the style to which she had been accustomed ;

while his younger daughter was entirely independent of his assistance.

A year passed on, and nothing occurred to interrupt the monotony of Margaret's life. Many were the solitary hours in which she felt that, while living thus *alone* and *unloved*, all this elegance and luxury which had appeared so necessary to her happiness, had perhaps been too dearly purchased. But, destitute of those resources which render a cultivated and religious mind in a great degree independent of outward circumstances, the sacrifice seemed to be too great for her to be willing to relinquish to her sister the share of their patrimony, which was Adeline's just and rightful portion.

At length her solitude was somewhat enlivened by the reëappearance of a friend of former years. Colonel Gardiner, a highly respected and worthy man, had twice before proffered his hand and fortune to Margaret's acceptance; but, although pride had caused her to disdain the love of Edward Mordaunt, still her affection for him had proved too deep to admit of her accepting another in his place. Having a second time become a widower, Colonel Gardiner, with a constancy that was not merited by the object of such devotion, again returned to place his wealth at her feet.

This time she hesitated. Lonely and unhappy, she felt grateful for such deep attachment, and, after a severe struggle against the love which still lingered in her heart for him whom she had so heartlessly repulsed in by-gone years, she yielded at length to Colonel Gardiner's earnest entreaties.

An early period was assigned for the wedding. Colonel Gardiner was, of course, anxious to hasten an event which he had so long desired, and Margaret seemed to fear a delay, lest her resolution should forsake her. Many were the sad moments that intervened. Her mind recalled the image of Edward Mordaunt, to whom alone had she ever been truly attached, and of whose fate she could learn nothing. The thought of the new cares which would devolve on her pressed heavily on her heart; as the charge of Colonel Gardiner's children would, she feared, prove a deep anxiety and responsibility; for they were of an age to rebel at the authority of a step-mother.

She wrote to Adeline, urging her to come and pass a few weeks in the home of her childhood, that the bond of sisterly affection, which had been so long in a degree severed, might once more be reunited. But her sister, having now too large a family to permit of her absence from them, sent her eldest daughter, Mary, to aid in the preparations for that event which was to make so entire a change in the life of one whose highest ambition had been the enjoyment of independence and power.

Soon the dreaded day, in its natural course, arrived; for Time will neither move more quickly nor fold its wings in repose at our bidding. An eventful day did it prove, to a far greater extent than had been foreboded.

It was a peaceful autumn morning, and Margaret, wishing to take a farewell survey of the place over which she had so long been mistress, started for a solitary stroll in the grounds, which to her never looked more beautiful. The gilding of the Indian summer mellowed the pas-

tures far and wide. The russet woods stood ripe to be stripped, but were yet full of leaf. On the walks, swept that morning, yellow leaves had fluttered down again. Its time of flowers, and even of fruits, was over ; but a scantling of apples enriched the trees. Only a blossom here and there expanded pale and delicate amidst a knot of faded leaves. The sea lay before her, and the rush of the surf to the sands was heard, soft and soothing. Every thing seemed in harmony ; and the tranquillity of the scene called forth all Margaret's gentlest feelings. The associations of childhood, as well as those of womanhood, clustered round the spot. In these paths had she, day after day and year after year, wandered with one whose attachment had formed at once the pain and pleasure of her life. On these banks had she twined wreaths of ivy with that sister, whose gentle influence had at times seemed like a guardian angel, soothing the notions which were often aroused in her own tumultuous nature, and whose devoted affection she had so greatly missed since, by her own act, she had forfeited it in later years. Here, too, was the beautiful inclosure in which reposed the remains of those dear parents, whose tenderness she had never before fully appreciated, and around whose tomb were the flowers she had so carefully planted and nurtured.

Overwhelmed by these thoughts, Margaret was slowly retracing her steps, when a servant hastily approached, and informed her that a stranger, in spite of his remonstrances, had, a few moments previous, entered the house and requested permission to see its mistress. Astonished at this unexpected intrusion at such a time, Margaret, fearing she knew not what, peremptorily ordered that the commands which she had previously given should be repeated to her unseasonable guest. The servant, however, quickly returned, saying that the gentleman would take no denial, declaring that his business was of too urgent a nature to admit of a moment's delay. Greatly agitated, Margaret reluctantly prepared to attend the summons. As she opened the door of the room into which she was informed the stranger had so unceremoniously ushered himself, she saw a man standing at the open window, gazing upon the surrounding country, apparently absorbed in thought. His fine form and foreign aspect at an instantaneous glance gave her the impression of one familiar with enterprise and fond of danger ; they denoted gentle breeding predominating over a life of toil and privation. The sun and wind had tarnished his complexion, except where a rich volume of black hair had preserved the original fairness of a high, broad forehead, which, although marked with anxious care, still presented an outline of manly beauty. He turned as she entered, and the expression of these features was not to be mistaken : it was that of the long-absent Edward, much altered, indeed, but still instantly recognized by her who had so long secretly mourned his absence. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and, had he not rushed to her support, would have fallen. He led her to a seat, and as soon as her emotion permitted, she exclaimed : ' O Edward ! would that this unhappy day had never dawned ! Oh ! why has your return been thus delayed until this unfortunate moment ? ' Struggling to conquer his own agitation, Edward related, almost incoherently, the numerous obstacles which had com-

pelled his long absence. Determined, he said, not to see her again, after their last interview, until he could offer her a fortune, he had visited distant climes, had been dangerously ill, and, from unforeseen circumstances, had lost the labor of years ; but at length had succeeded in again amassing a handsome fortune, and now returned to his native place, to offer it, with the love of a devoted heart, to her who had been his guiding-star through all his wanderings. 'It is too late! too late!' was her mournful reply : 'the die is cast!'

'Oh! say not so!' he passionately exclaimed ; 'the fatal words have not yet been spoken which must for ever separate us. Give me authority, and I will seek Colonel Gardiner, and will tell him that long years of painful absence have been gallantly and cheerfully borne, because blessed with the hope that in time my earnest wishes and ardent toil would be crowned with success ; and if he be a man of honor, I feel assured he will not insist on a union which can only create on all sides the deepest unhappiness.'

'You cannot, you must not!' was Margaret's agitated reply. 'I have gone too far to recede : my plighted word can never be recalled. This night seals my fate for ever.'

In vain did the almost distracted Edward plead ; in vain did he endeavor to convince her that it was far better even now to retract than to go to the altar with one who did not possess her heart.

With all the calmness she could assume, she assured him that the irremediable step once taken, he need not fear that any thoughts inconsistent with her duty would be permitted to embitter her own future life, or that of him to whom her faith had been plighted.

Edward could say no more. He once more bade her adieu, telling her he should ever pray for her happiness, that again he should become an exile from his native land, and never more should she be disturbed by his presence.

As soon as he was gone, Margaret rushed to her chamber, and there gave way to an agony of tears. But when evening came, arrayed in her bridal attire, with all the firmness of that pride which conducted her to the altar, she clasped with her own hands the diamond bracelet presented that morning by Colonel Gardiner, and though pale as the marble which has just received the last finishing touch of the artist, her countenance bore no other traces of the struggle through which she had passed.

The day after the wedding, Mrs. Gardiner and her husband quitted the beautiful estate of her ancestors, and took possession of a noble house in the neighboring city, where she was surrounded with every luxury that wealth could procure, and by a large family circle, which she had so often coveted in her lonely hours. But she had not yet found happiness ; her path in life was still strown with thorns. As her fears had predicted, the children of her husband caused her great anxiety and care. Having lost their own mother when very young, their education had been greatly neglected ; and even Margaret's strong energy of character was not sufficient to contend against tempers which were naturally unamiable and head-strong. Sophia, the eldest, spurned all control, and it was a difficult undertaking to guide or restrain so rebellious a

spirit. The younger children were more submissive, but the example of their sister made it almost impossible to exert any paramount influence over them.

In the course of a few years three children of her own gave her an occupation which partially drew her mind from the many annoyances with which she had to struggle. But, as they became older, they seemed at times to add to the pain which the conduct of her step-children gave her; for she feared that they also would imbibe those feelings and habits which she had endeavored so earnestly, but with so little success, to eradicate. Unceasing were her efforts to shield them from evil; but alas! her deepest solicitude could not avert the consequences of such an injurious example.

Her eldest boy, named Henry, was now a beautiful bright-eyed little fellow, between five and six years of age. In character he resembled his mother; resolute and determined, he would often, although possessing many noble qualities, assert his own will in defiance of the remonstrances or commands of others. Earnestly did his mother endeavor to portray to him, sometimes by a few serious words, and occasionally by an anecdote, the importance of implicit and habitual obedience.

The following little incident which she narrated to him appeared to make a deep impression on his mind, as it was connected with the childhood of his uncle Theodore, for whom he entertained a strong affection: 'When your uncle Theodore,' she said, 'was about the age of my little Henry, he was once engaged in games with his older brothers in a room in which was built a large, old-fashioned fire of wood, whose bright blaze incited the highest spirits of the children. As their boisterous mirth was at its height it was suddenly hushed by a loud cry from Theodore. Absorbed in sport, he had heedlessly approached too near the dangerous blaze, and, his clothes taking fire, he was soon enveloped in flames.'

'The frightened child rushed immediately to the stair-way, calling for his mother with loud out-cries. She heard his screams, and hastened to his assistance. What was her horror to see her beloved child in this alarming situation! Instantly perceiving that every step increased his danger, she almost shrieked the words, 'Stop, my child!' He heard the voice which was always obeyed, and stood motionless. His mother was at his side in a moment, and with her own garments extinguished the flames, which were now mounting to his neck and forehead. Had it not been for his instantaneous obedience, it is probable that his life would have fallen a sacrifice to his sad waywardness.'

Little Henry listened to this narrative with the utmost attention, and, looking up with tearful eyes,

'I will try always to obey your commands, dear Mamma,' he said 'and be like uncle Theodore, whom I love now more than ever I did before.'

For some time he kept his promise, but the influence of his young companions was stronger than his resolution, and it was difficult for him to struggle against temptation.

It was a damp and chilly April afternoon, and, Henry's health being delicate, his mother gave orders that he should not be permitted to leave

the house to join any out-door amusement. Enticed, however, by the example of the older children, and knowing that his mother was occupied with company in the drawing-room, he made his escape, and, joining his sister and brothers, the youthful party proceeded to a neighboring pond, where they spent some hours experimenting with some little sail-boats, which had been made by them a few days previous.

When Henry's absence was discovered, his garments, which were not adapted to the inclemency of the weather, were saturated with moisture, and his limbs chilled with the cold. Every precaution was taken to prevent any serious consequences from an exposure to which he was unaccustomed; but it was too late, and that night he was violently attacked with delirium and fever.

For many days and nights did the anxious parents hang over their unconscious boy, but the disease kept on its steady progress; and as all earthly assistance seemed unavailing, they could only keep their prayerful vigils at his side until the crisis of his disorder, which the physician informed them would probably take place on the ninth day. No words can describe the intensity of hope and fear with which they watched him through the eighth night. To-morrow's dawn would bring to them a day of brightness, or one of such agony that the mother dared not allow her mind even for a moment to dwell upon it, as being within the limits of possibility.

The morning at length came. Little Henry had fallen into a slumber more quiet than any since the commencement of his illness. The mother's hopes grew strong as, with breathless anxiety, she gazed upon him and awaited his return to consciousness.

Suddenly he started up from his couch, and while his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, he exclaimed:

'Mother, dear mother!'

The mother's arms were around him, but a kiss was the only answer she could make, as, extending his little arms also, he attempted to return the embrace. 'Do not weep, dear mother, but forgive,' he faintly articulated. He would have said more, but nature was exhausted; the last effort was made; that darling voice was silent, no more to be heard. One faint smile, and all was over.

For some moments the stricken mother could not believe that, like a lightning's flash, the spirit had so quickly departed. She pressed her lips to his, vainly hoping that an answering pressure might yet be returned. But no human efforts could recall the pure soul to its tenement of clay; it had joined the seraphs on high, and perhaps was even then looking down upon its sorrowing parent; and, if it still retained aught of earthly feeling, was mourning that she should wish to keep him from those realms of bliss.

Unclasping those little arms, now stiffened in death, Colonel Gardner attempted to draw his wife from that motionless form, when a stupor stole over her senses, and it was long before she could be aroused to any perception of surrounding objects. That pride which had so long enabled her to bear the trials of her situation with unshrinking stoicism, was now felt to be but the shadow of a shade, and totally insufficient to

support an immortal mind in its pilgrimage here ; it was swept away with the vanished form of her idolized boy. Many causes had combined to weaken a frame formerly so firm, and this last shock Mrs. Gardiner felt she could not long survive. Sending for her sister, she earnestly entreated her to take the charge of her two remaining children, whose feeble health already caused her great uneasiness. Mrs. W—— entered with the warmest sympathy into her sister's feelings, and promised to make every effort for the promotion of their future welfare.

In a short time Margaret's prediction was fulfilled. The destroyer made sure and rapid encroachments on the springs of life, and she soon calmly sank to that repose of which she had enjoyed so little while on earth.

Painful were Adeline's reflections as, accompanied by Margaret's children, she returned to her home after this sad visit. She felt that the ties of kindred could not be severed without suffering, and that in the death of an only sister the last cord had been broken which connected her with all those fond reminiscences of infancy and childhood which still clustered around her memory. She mentally contrasted her own life, checkered as it had been by many vicissitudes, with that of her sister. She had, indeed, encountered many storms in life's journey, but, through the ordination of a kind PROVIDENCE, Love had shone through them all, and brightened those which it could not dissipate, while the Pride which had been her sister's polar star, had, like the *ignis fatuus*, only appeared bright for a short time, and then disappeared to leave a still deeper darkness. With a cheerful trust did she look forward to the future ; for, blessed with a home in which were cultivated the highest and holiest principles, she felt that the halo of contentment would ever surround them. And although a cloud might at times arise and partially obscure the horizon, still, while Faith, Hope, and Love brightly gilded its beams, to their gaze would ever be discerned its silver lining.

L I N E S .

WHILE the evening air grows dim, and the shadows faintly stream
From the hill-tops o'er the vales ; when the night-hawk 'gins to scream,
And the owl from distant wood joins in solemn, lonely hoot,
While the chirping Katy-did lifts its little human note,
Then I wander 'neath the stars, silent climbing through the night—
Wander o'er the lonely hills by their dim and ancient light.
Through the slowly-rising mist then the hills as phantoms seem,
Brooding o'er the vales beneath, where the fire-flies, flitting, gleam ;
Till the distant village lights, faintly shining far below,
Warn me of the falling dark : and I hear the rippling flow
Of the merry gurgling brook, and the deep and solemn roar
Of the distant mountain-fall, dashing wildly in its power.

S O N G O F T H E M E C H A N I C .

The hum of a thousand wheels in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong;
The sledge-hammer ringing alarms in the glare;
The groan of a press, as if burdened with care;
The tramp of the iron-horse, fleetier than air,
And his thundering snort, heard everywhere;
'Tis but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

Men of the brawny arm are we,
Men not ashamed of labor;
Though clouds may sometimes veil our face,
Our heart shines through in smiles that chase
The darkness from our neighbor.

We are the men who forge the bars
That link the town and lea,
Where engines, rushing through the vale —
Our children, racing with the gale —
Are shouting lustily!

The mighty ship that proudly rides
Over the restless deep,
Was reared by us. Her noiseless wings
Bend to the evening breeze that sings,
And rocks her into sleep.

The Press — that throbbing heart where beats
The pulse of every thought;
That clock of mind which strikes the hour,
And a nation rises in its power —
Without our aid is naught.

The pen which, dipped in lightning, writes
At one stroke round the earth,
Ne'er staid by mountain nor the river,
On whose broad face the sun-beams quiver,
Owes to our hand its birth.

These thoughts make gladness in our hearts
Reëcho, like a bell;
And like her voice who waits to greet us,
Or leads our little child to meet us,
More sweet than we may tell.

Then let the joyous song be heard,
Let all be filled with mirth,
Let it be known throughout the land
That the members of our iron band
Are the happiest on earth,

The sound that lingers in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong,
Is but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

BY THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY.

My readers, there is nothing more delightful than visiting a pretty, black-eyed woman, on a pretty, starry night. I can tell you, a pretty woman is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* A man in the presence of a lovely lady should graciously thank PROVIDENCE for His benignity in creating her. The RULER of the universe arranged all those beautiful curls on that pearly neck, that she might be attractive and pleasant unto man. Those rare lips and that snowy brow, and those heavenly eyes, and that swelling bosom were granted to her to render her a suitable partner for us. In our visits to her, then, let us remember it, and bow obedient to the shrine of her beauty.

Of course, every gentleman more or less frequently visits the ladies. Not to do so argues him unqualified for the balmy atmosphere of a lady's parlor, and unsuited for the sweetest pleasure of this short existence. The man who has no friends among the women is in a sad position. Than to be such a man, I would prefer to be suspended by a hair over the cliffs of Dover, or navigating the Arctic Ocean in a canoe. Even animals are sociable: pigs confabulate, and swine are capable of sustaining a conversation. Elephants visit each other, and alligators enjoy evening entertainments. Horses indeed have an established code of etiquette in their chit-chats. In fact, I once knew a silly beast who associated (by accident purely) with refined horse-company until he imagined himself an excellent riding animal, and full of spirit. The consequence was, he rendered himself ridiculous on all occasions by his intolerable vanity and abominable attempts at the imitation of his superiors.

If fondness for company is thus true of the lower animals, how much more true of man. The great question to be considered then is, how to render society and even a single visit pleasant and profitable. In the first place, it is generally conceded that no one should be present at any entertainment, public or private, or visit any fair lady, or in any manner whatsoever protrude himself upon genteel company, who cannot contribute his share to the interest of the occasion. Such a rule excludes boys with shirt-collars three inches high, and skull six inches

thick ; it demolishes dandies, and depopulates the whole tribe of speckle-faced nihilities. It gives decent men a chance, and consigns to their merited oblivion all red-eyed boobies. Such a rule works cogently, and is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. It should be generally adopted in this benighted country. The dominion of boydom would then be over ; it would breathe its last sigh gently as a sick hen. Misses in their facetious teens would no more snicker and blush even to their eye-brows at the compliments and stupid flatteries of some sentimental, kid-gloved, hook-nosed little gallant. Their flounces and furbelows would infest a ball-room or private party no more ; those satinets, and jaconets, and bobinets would net no more minnows ; I say minnows, for trout do n't bite at small baits. They are sensible fish, and know how to appreciate a good thing.

Such a rule, if adopted, would accomplish another great desideratum in all goodly society. It would destroy with a keen and withering frost those rare exotics which silently bloom in their quiet simplicity. I refer to the species wall-flowers. Now they are indeed placid plants, quite content to waste their sweetness upon the desert air, but they always need some other soil than the one they at the time occupy. In fact, to speak the literal truth, women or men stuck up against the wall, with an awful smile of affected contentment, puckering their lips, are fearful to look at. To be thrown within the sphere of their influence is not a good thing — it's a devilish bad thing — *malum ovum*. Methinks it is like a visit from Boreas, or a search after Sir John Franklin — quite cold and uncomfortable. It robs a man of his hilarity, divests him of his conviviality, and deposits upon his countenance an awful expression of stupidity. May HEAVEN have mercy upon all who may hereafter in a gay saloon be thus afflicted, and alleviate their calamity, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit — which is small — devilish small. Unto wall-flowers themselves, of whatever age or sex, Abdallah would politely but positively and pungently suggest a course of conduct : My dear, remain at home, and, folding your arms quietly, gaze at the family clock. It's a good thing, for it keeps time — it's a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum* — and will serve to occupy your rather vacant understandings. There you may snooze the long, long hours away in uninterrupted felicity, and no one can molest you or make you afraid. *Bonum ovum*.

To enjoy a visit where only one lady will be visible in the parlor, one must eschew all companions, and call alone. However congenial and friendly two men may be out of the lady's society, in it they insensibly become rivals, and one of them must temporarily yield his claims. They may smirk at each other, and endeavor to look the agreeable, but human nature is human nature, and one of the rascals is chuckling at his triumph all the time. A man is not a rock, or an old oak-stump : he cannot look at a beautiful woman showering favors upon another man, and displaying her preference for him by the loving gaze of her dark orbs, and not become a little excited. In fact, to be in company with a lovely woman, who smiles upon your companion, and is indifferent to you, is not a good thing — it is a devilish bad thing — *malum*

ovum. But calling alone, one has a free sweep, fine swoop, and full scope. If the visitor be poetical and affects the muses, the moon, the stars, and all troubadour zephyrs are quite at his service. The sun too is obedient, and the various Roman gods and goddesses will come at his call. Homer and Horace are on hand, and he can rhapsodize on blind John Milton and the old English poets. He can sympathize with the sorrows of Burns, or depict with magnificent effect the unholy death of poor Edgar Poe. To be brief, he can very easily make a fool of himself, or on the contrary, if he be capable, confer infinite pleasure upon the fair lady. If he be a political gentleman, he can unbury the often-exhumed Napoleon, or that huge tyrant Cæsar; he can belabor Arnold and eulogize Washington; he can spread himself upon the American eagle, and wave the banner of the Union in the halls of the Montezumas. If he be sentimental, there is the history of Mary, Queen of the Scots, rich in its details and entirely new, or the still more affecting tragedy of Barbara Allen, who murdered in cold blood a gallant youth yeleft Jemmy Groves, Esq., A.M. The clerk may interest the lady with a discourse upon calico and Brussels lace, or may complacently allude to 'our commercial emporium.' The lawyer may expatiate upon the importance of his last case, the physician upon his last patient, and the poor devil of a school-teacher upon the flogging last administered to some hopeful scion of aristocracy. In fine, to visit a lady alone, removes all fetters, banishes all unnecessary restraint, and renders one decidedly comfortable. To do so is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*.

In visiting, one frequently encounters sarcastic young ladies. On such occasions the gentleman should obsequiously bow to their superior wisdom and wit. It is not a supposable case that a man of twenty-five or thirty could have more experience or real sense than a young lady of seventeen, wise in her juvenescence, and sapient in her remarks. Such an idea would be an absurdity — *malum ovum*! Consequently all sagacious Misses should neglect no opportunity of attacking all dignified gentlemen with antique *bon-mots* and concocted good things. All gentlemen should waive their dignity and spare the lady's feelings by the appearance of surpassing humility and absolute awe.

In visiting, conversation should be sustained, though pauses are often agreeable. Some men imagine they must pour forth a stream of words, otherwise they will be pronounced dull and uninteresting. Sensible women do not so think. On the contrary, they rather like pauses. Thus they have opportunity for reflection, and time to analyze their own emotions and the remarks of their visitors. Such pauses, however, must not be rendered stupid. A calm *négligé* air should be visible in the faces of all present, and whoever resumes the conversation should do it with grace and elegance. I have known fools to attempt it, and they made a poor thing of it — a devilish poor thing — *malum ovum*.

In calling upon a bride, ceremony must be observed. If the visitor calls alone, he must not omit presenting his card in a proper manner. If there be several visitors, the bride must be honored with the card of each. Some little suggestions, too, should be made to the servant about

the delivery of the cards. He should be instructed to approach the bride deferentially, handing her the cards one by one, and making his salaam, or bow, with the delivery of each. As soon as the visitors enter they should seat themselves with mathematical precision, and permit a stately pause to ensue. In the interesting interim the gentlemen might ruminate on matrimony, and the charms of a honey-moon. After suitable silence, the eldest and most voluble gentleman present should disturb the stillness with sapient observations on wedlock, and particularly on her marriage. He should conclude his discourse with something jocular, at which his companions should simultaneously snicker. A graceful calmness being thus obtained, the conversation may become general, and the weather especially may be discussed. After an interesting hour thus spent, they can appropriately retire with suitable obeisances and complacent chuckles. To call on a bride in this manner is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. There is nothing ridiculous or ceremonious or silly in such a proceeding, and it is well calculated to win the bride's favor, if she be an intellectual lady. Especially will the matter of the cards conciliate her. It is an enormous insult to call upon a lady without a card. In some of the States it is a penitentiary offence. Dr. Samuel Johnson, were he alive, could not be permitted to eschew the card custom. We might indulge the ponderous lexicographer in many of his whims; but we would bind him to the laws of etiquette. The old horse might kick, but we would curb him in. Edward Pinkney, however, and Henry Clay, I have been informed, ventured to call upon some of their lady-acquaintances without cards, and suffered, I was told, in consequence of the enormity, no diminution whatever of political renown or legal reputation. My informant, however, was a great liar, and I did not credit him. It certainly must have been a lie — *malum ovum*!

Upon the introduction of a stranger great attention should be bestowed. In the first place, the name of the lady, and his own, should be pronounced by the introducer in very low tones, so that neither of them can possibly hear the name given. This will produce a magnificent awkwardness, highly entertaining when the stranger addresses a remark to the lady.

It is customary with us, but nevertheless wrong, for strangers to be introduced by their gentlemen acquaintances. One of the parents, or some one of the lady's relations is the proper person to bestow an introduction upon a stranger. Then the ceremony becomes pleasant to him, and he feels at once recognized by authority as an estimable acquaintance. But custom has established a pell-mell introduction in this progressive republic. So we must make the best of it as it is, and, although we oppose, we must assert it to be a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. As soon as our friend makes the acquaintance, through our instrumentality, of the fair lady, we should at once rest content with our efforts, and throw the gentleman on his own responsibility. If he blushes, and is still as the blessed calmness of a summer eve let him thus remain. If he become restless and perturbed, by no means throw out any initiatory remark calculated to soothe his

dismayed spirit. Offer no suggestion, ask no question, but let him repose in his enviable position, careful meanwhile that a placid smile floats upon our lips, beautiful as the silvery cloud upon October's ruddy sky. *Bonum ovum!*

Engrossing the conversation is a vice so rare in this country that it is scarcely necessary to rebuke it. Occasionally, however, innocent young gentlemen, out of sheer condescension to the elder and more unattractive visitors, (when the parlor is full,) play the regal in discourse. They place upon their juvenile shoulders the burden of rendering every body comfortable and calm.

Sometimes in these their very commendable and insinuating efforts, they rush up against a snag, in the shape of some intellectual gentleman, and, being vital, they are, of course, slightly injured. It should be suggested to very youthful gentlemen, that it requires brain to elicit and retain the pleased attention of miscellaneous companies. Brinsley Sheridan had decided talent in that way, and posterity reckons Thomas Jefferson an elegant conversationist. But my very young friends, they were matured men of remarkable mental calibre. Their contemporaries were delighted with their marvellous wit and most princely humor; but, odds fish! your conspicuous vanity without genius to support and regalize it, your abominable presumption without wit to authorize it, and your awful ignorance without an idea to illumine it, render very poor indeed your claims to present consideration or future glory. My young friends, be wise, and divest yourselves of superfluous agreeability. Acknowledge your errors to yourselves, abandon them forthwith, and commit yourselves to the guidance of a beneficent humility. It will be a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum!*

Ladies are frequently highly entertained by visitors of unusual dignity and remarkable gravity. The sacred presence of such gentlemen gives an unusual balminess to the atmosphere of the parlor. Their demeanor, moreover, begets a corresponding solemnity upon the part of all present. One can thus conveniently ruminate upon the delightful themes of grave-yards, coffins, corpses, and the inexorable monster — Death. To suggest such topics of such general interest at such a time is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum!*

If one be particularly interested in any young lady present in general company, American etiquette explicitly demands that one should give unequivocal demonstrations of the fact. The lover must cling, like the clam to a rock, unto the side of his beloved. If the young lady flinches, and intimates in any manner her annoyance, he must not be abashed. Faint heart never won fair lady, and it is exceedingly sensible to woo her in the presence of others. *Bonum ovum.*

Ladies should always make the proper distinction in regard to their visitors. The hopeful seion of the aristocracy of wealth should be treated with more deference than the intellectual poor gentleman. However elegant and agreeable the latter may be, to the former must be accorded all the glory of the visit. He has been nurtured in affluence and bred to luxury; and though noble thoughts have never petitioned for entrance within his cranium, he must be placed upon the eminence of superiority. This, etiquette preemptorily urges and custom

sanctions. Intellect becomes ignominious when compared with gold ; for the last hath carriages, and carpets, and curtains of exquisite device, and ladies love them all. All hail to men of pecuniary resources ! but may the devil take all poor folks who are at the same time intellectual and proud. To be a poor visitor is not a good thing — it is a devilish bad thing — *malum ovum* !

T H E E M P T Y C H U R C H .

THESE upturned cushions in these large square pews,
 These psalm-books, standing in a well-ranged row,
 With here and there a bill of unpaid dues
 Scornfully thrown upon the floor below,
 And motley fans arrayed before each seat,
 More used to drive off *ennui* than the heat.

The spider weaving webs along the wall,
 Where dust lies thick upon the cornice mould;
 The weakly flies, who sluggish crawl and fall
 Along the pane, streaked down where rain has rolled,
 Is all the life I see, and what I hear
 Is not of life, yet speaketh like a seer !

That great old clock, how solemnly it ticks !
 Time's beating pulse — and, measured by the sun,
 Still throbbing when among the world we mix,
 As when we sit and wish the service done,
 Gazing upon it with long-wearied eyes,
 For under sermons Time but seldom flies.

And through the dingy windows pours the sun,
 To drop its beams so like a curtain wide,
 Making all objects seen beyond like one
 Dim, ghostly shade of what is on this side ;
 And spectre pillars, wrapped in dusty shroud,
 Seem waving to-and-fro — a phantom crowd !

And yonder organ-pipes of burnished gold,
 The temple's new-day gift, in recompense
 For viols, tuning-forks, and sounds of old,
 That grate so harshly on the modern sense,
 While yet, before it renders forth a tone,
 Like new-day schisms, must be constant blown.

And, grim and tall, stands there the pulpit, oaken,
 While, like a hand to bless and shield out-thrust,
 Which drops below the word of solace spoken,
 That mounted heavenward for approval first,
 The sculptured sounding-board, so dun and quaint,
 Hangs o'er the desk like halo o'er a saint.

Here as I walk I startle at my tread,
And almost shudder, though I scarce know why :
Beneath me are the charnels of the dead,
Who once have walked these aisles as well as I,
And thrice before this altar have they been —
Baptismal, marriage, and funereal scene!

The restless infant crying out of place,
The nurse's ceaseless soothing, quite in vain,
The parson's imperturbably grave face,
The parents, wishing all was o'er again,
Are things, 't is said, 't were lack of faith to shun,
So, to be faithful, one must see it done.

Another scene is this : two beings here
Ready to be as one — too glad to speak
Quite plainly ; yet what means that trickling tear
That, glowing, steals adown the bride's flushed cheek
As, hand in hand, the lasting bond they seal,
And feelings burst that pride cannot conceal ?

For like a stream that peaceful glides along
Had been the love for parents in that bride,
But now there comes another, and more strong
The love she bears the being at her side ;
And so, like confluent streams, that turmoil make,
These passions meeting make her bosom quake.

But through yon door the future channel lies,
Two little rills, as one, become a stream
That is to sweep amid both smiles and sighs,
Through gorges dark, or where the sun may gleam,
Until they empty in that endless wave,
And earth and heaven do those waters lave.

The one scene more 's a melancholy show :
The dismal tread of those who bear the bier,
The train of mourners coming after slow,
The black array, and 'neath each veil a tear
Steals out the reddened eye, below to fall,
Like hopes still coming, and to perish all.

Before the altar rests the coffined dead,
The mourners stand within the nearest pews,
While, further off, are passers, who were led
By feelings that the heart could not refuse ;
Looking in silence, with a constant gaze,
They hear the sighs, and what the preacher prays.

This service done, the coffin-lid is oped,
Grating its hinge to send a shudder deep
Within the breasts of those who long had hoped
For years of joy to come, but now must weep
To see within that winding-robe of Death,
Who once breathed pleasure as he breathed his breath.

And now they part: the mourners go before;
The bier is raised, with dreary creak; the pall
Is lifted, and the heavy tread once more
Resounds and dies along the senseless wall,
Just as the confines of our earthly lot
Can echo names awhile, which soon are not.

Enough! enough! so here we are alone:
Without we hear the jars of busy sounds,
Only the wind gives forth a dying moan
Among the firs that top the grave-yard mounds;
For all is else attuned to notes of life,
The tramp of men, the call, the shout, the strife.

The Sabbath peal shall summon from their home
An equal concourse, dressed as for a play;
And rustling silks shall sound beneath this dome
With all the flutter of a gala-day,
Enough to show the altar of true praise
Is still at home, away from public gaze.

To isolate ourselves were worship best,
But once a week 'tis well to go to church,
And sing a hymn at least among the rest;
Society will leave one in the lurch,
Unless he bears a sermon for her sake:
So go; provided you can keep awake!

If one must sleep, 't were better sleep at home,
One's sofa's softer than a straight-backed pew;
E'en if our fancies through a novel roam,
Perchance we get a pious hint or two:
But church-dreamt dreams of merchandise and stocks
Can bring but anxious spouse's elbow-knocks.

You give a yawn, your eyes persist to droop,
You feel a sharp fan-handle in your side;
Just then an urchin somewhere gives a whoop,
Or heavy psalm-book from some lap doth slide;
Enough to wake you quite in time to go;
Your legs are rather weak from cramping, though.

So home you wend, and home is ever home;
Good dinner, fine segar, and easy couch,
Upon your lap you spread the holy tome;
But still, it may be, I shall dare to vouch
The evening bells can pour their chiming sound
O'er heedless senses, if in slumber bound.

Well, well! Beside your bed there's place to kneel,
Where none but those you wish may gather, too;
One moment here, perhaps, can better seal
The heart from evil, than an hour can do
In public pomp; for prayer, like much on earth,
Perchance lies less in quantity than worth.

L E T T E R S T O E L L A .

NUMBER ONE.

Now you are gone far from me, my daughter, I know for the first time the full extent of your hold upon me. My heart goes out after you, and reaches and gropes, but comes back empty. You were my first-born ; and when you came to me I knew not well how to find food and raiment for another. But the bread for your little mouth, and the raiment for your rounded form were ever to me blessed food and raiment. If you had been near, I could almost have lived upon your happiness without touching morsel myself. You first taught me the bliss of going quite out of myself and living for another. You were to me the first evangel, which brought to my whole nature the glorious practical happiness of unselfishness. I myself thenceforth became, in my own eyes, a secondary consideration, almost as nothing. I would have you to be blooming and happy. I would spread pleasantness in your path, and between you and harm stand, a shield and a shelter. Whatever storm might threaten, I would be as a rock of refuge. My pain was, not to be able to suffer for you. When you have been sick, my eyes have known not the setting nor the rising of the sun. The hours flew rapidly away, and brought exhaustion without desire for rest, until returning beams of health once more rested upon your loved features. And I knew not, my dear child, how my thoughts fore-ran the years, and became as a cunningly-woven web inwrought with your future. Prosperity and plenty smiled upon me, but chiefly from your bright face. Money I counted for what it would buy for you. It would lift your future above the spirit of dependence. I would repel from you the coarse companionship of hunger and want, and be a panoply against the still more gross and humiliating patronage of the vulgar rich.

It was no great pain to imagine for you a humble and modest life, sustained by an honest toil, and surrounded by those whose lot in life was not in its most favored walks ; but to imagine your gentle and appreciative character subjected to being looked down upon and patronized by the vulgar kindness which not unfrequently attends the rapid accumulation of wealth, was misery indeed. And the greatest misery of it was, that it might have some tendency to weaken your self-respect, and your trust in God, and lead you unconsciously to make compromises with natures essentially grovelling.

That independence which arises from the possession of property is chiefly valuable for the protection it affords from a consciousness of being regarded as inferior or unfortunate. So far as I am concerned, it has not been won without self-denial and care. But the sweet promise of your noble and womanly character has been my abundant reward. And now that you are distant, I think it will not be unpleasant to receive these expressions which it is my happiness to make. They are the overflowings of a cup more than full. If I could not make them

known, it would be to me as if you were dead ; and it is my pride and my glory that you are worthy of them, and can be trusted with them. Other children have been born to me, whose promise is not less fair, and for whom my love is not smaller ; but you, my daughter, are the only *first-born*, and those thick-coming fancies which first learned to group themselves around you continue to attend you from habit, and will form for you, while I live, a halo, so that you will be to me as no other. You have not received the dangerous gift of physical beauty, but, in lieu of it, a modest and benign presence, which opens the hearts of strangers to you. Your not uncomely person and countenance carry with them a certain breadth and fulness of expression which is of the soul, and will never fail you in winning sympathy and companionship.

You left us a daguerreotype, but it seemed insufficient. The eye and the heart were both unsatisfied with so diminutive a reflection of the largeness of our affections for you. The painter has tried his art, and your likeness now of life-size fixes its calm and happy gaze upon us from the parlor-wall. The portrait was drawn with the touch of a master, but without the time to give it a perfect finish. The softness of touch which might have been expected from the artist is now obtained by framing it with a covering of glass. Nothing has been spared to it which tender love could bestow. It compensates, after all, but poorly for the original. I gaze upon it by the hour, and my eyes fill as I think to myself : 'She is absent.' The artist was fortunate in fixing upon it that expression which most distinguished you from all others. It is as you looked when receiving well-earned praise ; when about to visit some dearly-loved companion ; or when being introduced to some stranger whom it was an honor to know. Your friends supposed it to be an expression of slight embarrassment, but we who knew you better recognized it as a voluntary restraint put upon the expression of a large and abounding joy. The portrait hangs opposite a large mirror, and you are thus always looking in the glass. The painting is still further softened when seen by its reflection from the mirror, and thus beheld, I think nothing earthly can be more beautiful. The glass which covers it and the mirror which reflects it perform the same office for the painting which my partiality performs for the original. My heart does not desire, my fancy does not conceive any thing more lovely. You are the young moon of my sky ; neither the sparkling brilliance of any star, nor the sovereign effulgence of the sun, so wins me and draws up my spirit toward it as the mild and dreamy light which emanates from your sweet and hopeful orb. When I sit at the table I see the vacant seat. I watch the early birds and flowers of spring, and think how you would have cherished them. The dog-handled pitcher of milk with which you used to amuse yourself recalls your playful concern at the hopeless condition of that poor earthen dog which seems always about to reach over the brink of the pitcher and find milk, but never reaches it. He is as far from it as ever.

My heart rejoices in the other children, but it always says : 'She was the crowning glory and the flower of the flock ; she was my companion and my friend.' I reach forward and strive to prefigure your destiny. I seem to see you in the bloom and glory of young life, opening your eyes

upon all new scenes. I picture to myself your advent into gay society as a young lady. I watch your wayward fancies, and seek gently to chasten and guide them. I seem to see you full of all genial and pleasant ways, winning golden opinions alike from young and old. I picture to myself the approaches of a noble youth of the other sex, worthy of your love, and your happiness in bestowing it. I see you the happy mother of children, honoring and honored by the husband of your choice. I go yet forward to the time when experience and trial shall have sprinkled your hair with the signs of approaching age, when your thoughts shall have been fixed immovably upon the habitations of the just, and when you shall move down the gentle slope of a serene old age. I shall then be no more in sight. The turf will have grown old over my resting-place ; but it may be that you will plant flowers there, and visit the spot with tender recollections. Perhaps it will be said : ' He was her father, and there was great love between them.' And if it be permitted, my child, for the spirits of the departed to re-visit the earth, I will be ever near you.

This is my news. I can tell you no other. It has been told a thousand times, but my pen runs pleasantly in rehearsing the same old story. I desire only to build up for you a great happiness. And to accomplish this, I would be glad to lead you pleasantly over some of the rough places, the secrets of which I have at least partially learned by having stumbled over and been bruised upon them. In order that you may see in what direction my thoughts concerning you tend, I will add a paragraph to this letter, already, perhaps, too long.

Frankly, then, I think you have some genius. I think you have the capabilities to win much praise and gain a brilliant career. I think you should avoid the ordinary avocations of life and look high for your destiny. My most particular ambition is, that you should shine as an artist. I am sure you have some natural taste that way, and, with the assiduity essential to any great success, I believe that you can produce a piece majestic in outline as the best of Michael Angelo, with a sweetness of finish equal to Rubens. I prefer, however, that you should work upon a more delicate and susceptible material than stone or canvas. It has happened rather seldom that the spirit and genius of an artist have engaged themselves upon the material which I will presently point out ; and when this has happened, results of the most rare, sweet, and famous nature have been achieved. The material I speak of is human character, and that character your own. An actual and faithful searching out of the defects of one's own character — a patient, modest, and hopeful study to develop from it a true conception of the noble and the beautiful, are among the most uncommon studies of our kind. It opens up the most inviting field of ambition, and a career for your sex so much the more beautiful, as the material upon which you work is of a finer texture than is found elsewhere this side of heaven. You must form your own ideal, but may in the mean time practise yourself upon the study of such features and parts as must necessarily enter into the composition of all great productions. By-and-by I will explain to you some of the effects of such an ambition, and disclose to you a great secret. More than ever, my dear daughter, I hold you to my bosom, and kiss you devoutly. O my child ! my child ! you must never forget to love me

S P I R I T L O V E .

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

AGNES O'DONOHUE,
 Born of the 'Mountain Dew,'
 Very delicious and mellow thy spirit:
 Sportsmen will stay for you,
 Love you and pray for you,
 Knowing your merit.

ELLEN M'GREGOR too,
 'Loch na Garr's proud of you,
 Aint you the Prince ALBERT's favorite — say?
 Smoky in quality,
 Great is thy jollity,
 In a 'Punch-play.'

ANNCHEN VON RITTERTERG,
 From 'Schloss Johannisberg,'
 Imperial Cabinets fall at your feet!
 By your charms kings 't is said
 Are under tables laid,
 Quite 'dead beat.'

GRETTCHEN 'LIEBFRAUENMILCH,'
 Almost 'as soft as silk,'
 Though you've a slightly acidulous tone,
 Yet age will improve you,
 And 'Dutchmen' will love you,
 I hope not alone!

'CRUZ DEL HUSILLO,'
 I do n't doubt that MURILLO
 Stole his pale sherry-faced angels from you:
 Color, body, and flavor,
 Each one of them savor
 Of every thing true.

VESUVIA DA VISTA,
 'Lagrima di Christi,'
 Rich, luscious, and rare the charms you display;
 Though born 'mid eruptions,
 If free from corruptions,
 You'll carry the day!

BLANCHE 'BORGOGNE' MOUSSEUX,
 To my heart you shall go,
 Most delicious and rarest, of Burgundy's clime;
 So sparkling and delicate,
 Perfumed like violet,
 Fit for all time!

ROSE DE CHAMPAGNE,
 'Creme de Bouzy' by name,
 With Fleur de Sillery I press to my lips,
 Who would n't be 'Mumm?'
 From his 'cabinet' come
 Such sweet sips.

KATCHEN MITSCHLOSSER,
 Gutes 'Kirschwasser,'
 Im Schwartzwald, I drinks dat you virst saw der day;
 I trinks you mit bleashure,
 Und dinks you 're a dreashure
 Over der wehl!

'MENESCHER' ELIKA,
 In Hungary seek her,
 Real 'Turks' blood, I love thee, imperial Tokay!
 Most gladly I'll meet thee,
 Most jollily greet thee,
 Whenever I may!

A R E C O L L E C T I O N O F N E W P O R T .

BY LLWYVEIN.

THE summer of 184 — found me emerging from the senior class at college, a graduate and Bachelor of Arts. What particular arts were referred to, I have never been able to ascertain. Greek I abhorred, Latin I despised, and although the 'Pons Asinorum' had been crossed without difficulty, I never could help thinking that Euclid had little to do, or he would not have wasted his time in concocting those triangular, rectangular, and circular puzzles, to mystify poor Freshmen. It is true that I could play rather a good game of chess, was not deficient in 'high, low, Jack,' understood the 'art of self-defence,' never took odds at billiards, was quite at home on horseback, and could split a bullet over the blade of a knife, at a reasonable distance. Moreover, the Provost had once surprised me in the act of singing, for the edification of a few choice spirits, that cherished song beginning :

'Now we're freed from college rules,
 From common-place book-reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season.'

had heard me assert, with as much dignity as several glasses of whiskey-punch would permit, that

'NEVER more we'll have defined
 If matter think, or think not;
 All the matter we've to mind
 Is he who drinks, or drinks not.'

and doubtless still has in his possession a likeness of himself, which was too true to be good, and which, amid the convulsions of Sophomores, he once tore from the fly-leaf of my 'Butler.' Still, these 'arts' were not such as our 'Faculty' could openly approve of, and I therefore was forced to conclude that they had the faculty of discovering 'arts' in the respectable body of 'bachelors' to which I belonged, that the youngsters themselves never thought of. But whether deserving or not, I was now a 'graduate,' and very soon the public had the pleasure of hearing my 'essay;' Horace was kicked into the fire, Homer converted into 'lighters,' Euclid resolved into gun-wads, and with a light heart and full purse, I was on my way to Newport. That Euclid well deserved the fate of Horace, there is not a shadow of doubt, and he only escaped the grate because a solemn conclave of 'seniors' decided 'his dryness to be such, that he would certainly set the chimney on fire.' Boys are like wild animals, they detest confinement and pine under restraint, and it is certain that no deer ever broke from the toils which surrounded him, and dashed over the rocks of his mountain-home with more joy, than I felt in leaving my 'Alma Mater.'

Merrily the stage rattled up to the 'Ocean-House,' and walking up to the bar, I enrolled my name among the visitors, somewhat in the decided manner in which John Hancock put his to the 'Declaration of Independence.' It is a fundamental principle of our people never to lose time, and consequently before bed-time, I had been introduced to several beautiful girls, and had actually made an engagement with one of them to ride on horseback the next afternoon, although I had never seen or heard of her until that night. The next morning found me searching a livery-stable for suitable horses, and upon urging the proprietor to give me a quiet nag for Miss E —, he informed me that 'she never rode ladies' horses, but always insisted upon having a gentleman's horse.'

'Probably a very good rider,' I suggested.

'Do not know,' was the reply, 'but she generally sends the horse home in a lather.'

This slight disquisition gave me some insight into the lady's character; so selecting the horses, and taking care to secure the fleetest for myself, I returned to the house. Ten-pins whiled away an hour or two, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss E — make numerous ten-strikes, which, although deserving of admiration, were somewhat detrimental to the limbs of the boys who set up the pins. The urchins, however, had probably ascertained the momentum of the lady's balls, for whenever she prepared to bowl, they were seen clambering up in the windows, by which means they escaped without serious injury. Upon being introduced to the friends of my bouncing damsel, I fully expected that they would apologize for being under the necessity of postponing our ride, but they evidently thought that the lady could take care of herself, and did not interfere.

Even college-boys will reflect sometimes, and when I recalled to mind the conversation at the stable and the extreme caution of the ten-pin boys, I began to think that I had been guilty of a foolish act in asking this harum-scarum beauty to ride with me.

The risk of taking a lady to ride with strange horses was considerable, and the idea of responsibility became magnified by reflection. I sat down to dinner, inwardly hoping that her bath had given her the headache, that her sherry-cobbler had disagreed with her, or that some other such reason would have prevented her from going; but it was in vain to wish. In she came like a queen, and the splendid damask of her cheek dispelled my last hope of a sick-headache.

At five o'clock precisely, the horses were at the door. A well-groomed little sorrel, with clean limbs, a devilish eye, and wide nostrils, was destined to carry the lady, while my horse was a raw-boned powerful bay, both showing evidence of blood sufficient to indicate speed and powers of endurance.

Observing that our saddles had each but one girth, I remonstrated with the hostler upon the subject, but hostlers are always immovable rascals, and this fellow was a prince of stoics. He assured me that people in New-England never rode with more than one girth; that there was not a saddle in Newport had two; that every horse and every saddle in every livery-stable in the town was out; in fact, told so many unblushing lies that I yielded the point merely out of consideration for his eternal welfare.

My companion soon appeared, attired in a dark green habit, with an enticing little cap stuck jauntily on one side of the head, and bounding into the saddle, in a few minutes we were cantering through the streets at a pace more agreeable to ourselves than the pedestrians, who kept dodging us as we proceeded. She was a girl of some seventeen summers. Her light brown hair fell in sunny wavelets over a fine brow, and a pair of large, laughing, hazel eyes flashed gayly from beneath their dark lashes, as if life to her had indeed been nothing but a summer. Although bred in a city, her form was of that well-developed description which appertains to milk-maids, and she sat her horse with the air of a 'Die Vernon.' Strange to say, our horses were really good ones, and as my confidence in the lady's skill as a rider increased, my fears assumed a less tangible shape; yet knowing her volatile disposition, I still had misgivings that she might go off from me like a rocket at any moment.

It was a splendid afternoon. Long shadows were falling across the road, and the trees seemed edged with gold, as the sun sank slowly to the horizon. The air was filled with the delicious fragrance of the sea; our spirits rose with the excitement of the motion and beauty of the scene, and the horses, feeling the bracing effects of the atmosphere equally with ourselves, with a free foot dashed over the wide, hard road.

I occasionally offered a word of warning to my companion as to the speed at which we were proceeding, insinuating that if her horse stumbled, she would probably perform a gyration that would endanger her neck; but it was a waste of breath, for the more I remonstrated, the harder she rode.

A boy of nineteen, accustomed to riding, is not easily scared by a gallop, and if there had been some brother or cousin along with us to assume the responsibility of the position, the lady might have ridden at

full speed to Jericho, if she pleased, and I should have kept up with her ; but there was no such valuable relative at hand, and there was I, on my first excursion from home, engaged in a proceeding which seemed likely to result in breaking the neck of one of the most beautiful and dashing belles of Newport. I began to think of what I should say to her bereft family, and revolved in my mind whether revolvers at twelve or rifles at sixty paces would be most agreeable, in case I should be 'called out' the next day by some one of her numerous friends. As for the horses, I had not a hope that either of them would afterward be fit for use. If they escaped with whole limbs, of which there was little probability, they never would draw a long breath again, and I was doomed to take back to the stable two broken-winded, foundered beasts, in place of the high-mettled animals on which we had started. In spite of the rapidity of our motion, I coolly computed their value, and selected in imagination the friend to whom I should apply for a loan, adequate to the demands of the owner ; for although my purse was sufficiently long for the ordinary extravagance of a summer trip, it never had been contemplated that two fine saddle-horses were to come out of it.

On we sped. Newport was five miles behind us, and our gallop had only been broken once. The few endangered vehicles that we encountered drew up to the side of the road as we passed ; pigs and chickens fled vehemently from our path, and tumbled through fences with undignified haste. Countrymen looked aghast from their ploughs ; factory-girls, staring in silent wonder at the Jehu-like performance, marvelled whether it was really a woman that exhibited such disregard of the ordinary rules of locomotion, and whenever we approached a farmhouse :

'The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out 'well done,'
As loud as he could bawl.'

At last her breath gave out. I thanked HEAVEN ; for I had concluded that she was as long-winded as our country parson, and no body ever doubted his powers in that respect. Heretofore there had not been much time for talking, so I improved the opportunity by representing to my companion that I was morally responsible to her friends for her safety, and that she would certainly kill either herself or her horse if she persisted in this John Gilpin-like proceeding.

With a gay laugh she shot off again, and finally, as a last resource, I seized her bridle, and brought the whole party to a stand. I determined that the horses should now have a good 'blow,' let what would happen, and resolutely held on, in spite of her entreaties to the contrary.

We had stopped at the foot of a hill ; the sun was nearly down, and the quiet of the country was only broken by the gurgling of a brook at our feet, and the chirping of a solitary sparrow, who was eyeing us askance from a bush.

In such a position as this, the idea of continuing to remonstrate with a beautiful girl of seventeen was ridiculous, and a sudden change came over her, which completely disarmed me ; but she had only 'stooped to conquer.'

The breeze seemed toying maliciously with those auburn curls, as if to remind me of the fate of Tantalus ; my ire was fast cooling ; I was becoming enraptured with her rosy cheeks and sunny smile, and when she at last observed, ' How delicious this intense stillness is,' and fell into a reverie, I nearly fell in — something else. No one could have supposed that the thoughtful and pensive girl beside me, now playfully stroking the neck of her horse with a hand so tiny, was the individual who had lately been engaged in a reckless steeple-chase, and who had the reputation of sending her horses home ' in a lather.'

There certainly was a mistake somewhere ; the identity of persons so totally different was utterly impossible. Reason and philosophy were of little use in such a case as this ; their sternest axioms melted away beneath that smile, as ice beneath the noon-day sun ; the bridle was relinquished, Cupid had conquered, and beauty again held the reins.

When men or boys — it does not matter which — find themselves in a quiet lane, *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl, with no body but a sparrow to listen to their conversation, they are seldom in a hurry to leave so pleasant a position, and therefore it is probable, if circumstances would have permitted, that I should have been there yet.

But it was getting late, and we were nearly six miles from home, so I reluctantly requested my fair companion to turn back. The perfect composure of her countenance, and the quiet mood which had stolen over her while in the dell, dissipated entirely the recollection of her imprudence, and we ambled slowly up the hill in a sober, rational, market-woman-like manner. Upon reflection, even now, I can hardly realize that deception could have lurked beneath that placid brow, and when it is considered that then

' My only book
Was woman's look,
And folly all she taught me,'

how could I be expected to penetrate behind that demure face and see the mischievous heart that was palpitating against those stays ?

Little did I think, as I hung upon her whispers, that I was riding alongside of an article that in a few minutes would go off like a ball from a Paixhan gun, or that such a centre of gravity was waiting to fly off at a tangent, without the slightest regard for either Newtonian or Pythagorean systems. But so it was. The quiet smiles, the demure glances were merely used as a cloak to cover her nefarious designs.

Her only aim in life was to put that horse to his speed, and I verily believe that if she had been riding a comet through space, at the rate of fifty leagues a second, she would still have tried to go faster. No sooner had we reached the top of the hill than she was off, and before I had fairly recovered from my surprise, she was half-way down.

Overwhelmed with astonishment at the deceit, and mortified at discovering myself to be the victim of a ruthless stratagem, I paused for an instant, and then drove the spurs deep into my horse's flank, inwardly swearing that I would catch her at all hazards ; but although I had secured the fleetest horse for myself, her little sorrel was as tough

as whale-bone, and it was no easy matter to overtake her. She crossed the country like a meteor, over hill and dale, over bridge and brook; nothing stopped her. At last, I had nearly reached her, when I perceived a barrow that had been left carelessly in the road, directly in her path. On one side was a heap of stones; on the other the road had been washed into a deep gully by the rain. There was not room to pass on either side, and her fate seemed inevitable, unless she could check her horse. I halloed to her to stop, but the animal she rode had now got beyond her control, and was dashing blindly and madly along, regardless of obstacles.

Appearances were decidedly against her. The horse must stop short, which would throw her over his head, or he must jump it, which would throw her over his tail. Either way she must be thrown.

I could not reach her in time to save her, although my horse was making gigantic strides, at a full run, and visions of mangled Miss E —s were flitting across my brain, when lo! her horse bounded over the barrow like a stag, and she was still unhurt. A second after, I had cleared it myself, and was nearly up to her, but the little devil she rode, as if reserving himself for the last quarter, no sooner found that I had reached him, than he redoubled his exertions to keep ahead. Deeper and deeper I drove the spurs, and faster and faster we flew. I had reached her again, my hand was almost on her bridle, when her horse shied, snap went the girth, and she tottered for a minute and fell.

Although both horses were at full speed, I managed to reach the ground first, and caught her, how I have not the slightest idea, but certain it is, that in an instant after the girth broke, with one knee on the ground, I was clasping the terrified girl in my arms. There we were, several miles from home, night coming on, and our horses scampering away in the distance. Pleasant certainly, but the lady was safe, and that made amends for the inconvenience of the position. What would be the feelings of our friends when those riderless steeds galloped up to the stable, it required no seer to tell: and the chances were, that before we reached Newport, we should meet at least the 'Ocean-House,' if not the 'Atlantic' and 'Bellevue' riding in cavalcade to search for our bodies. To tell the truth, it was no great punishment to walk home with such a companion as I had, and I should not have regretted if the distance had been doubled.

I shouldered the side-saddle, and we started gayly on our walk, but soon found myself musing on the probable inconvenience of the article I carried, to the horse. To have such a lop-sided thing on his back was bad enough, and when it contained a hundred and twenty pounds and a whip, which might fairly be considered the equivalent of Miss E —, he must have considered that his road, like that to 'Jordan,' was difficult to travel. The result of my meditation was, that if Miss E — had been forced to carry the infernal thing a quarter of the way that I did, even she would hereafter have had mercy on her horse.

A mile of our journey had been overcome, and I was upon the point of pitching my burden into a field, when, on turning a short corner, we

discovered our horses quietly munching the grass on the side of the road. A wisp of the same, offered in a conciliatory manner to my bay, was politely accepted, and before he had time to thank me, his bridle was safely thrown over a snag of the worm-fence. The sorrel was not so easily caught with chaff, and proved himself more difficult to cope with, but by dint of tacking to-and-fro, like a vessel beating against the wind, I at last succeeded in making a sudden spring and catching the rascal by the head.

The girth was soon knotted, the lady mounted, and we were riding home. 'Experientia docet;' so taking the curb-rein over her horse's head, I kept possession of it to our journey's end, although she evidently disliked leading-strings, even in the dark.

As we approached the house, we perceived that there was a great stir about something.

Ominous shadows were passing in and out the door, and we were greeted by some officious voice that yelled out, 'Here they are at last.'

None but those who have actually heard these words, on arriving at home with a young lady, an hour after dark, can appreciate the feelings of the benighted.

The thunder which follows the flash of lightning is a trifle to the thunder of relatives which follows the utterance of that sentence. They seemed to have thought of every thing under heaven, and the fertility of their imagination was only equalled by the dryness of their manner. One thought we had been thrown, which, under the circumstances, was a good guess, although we did not think it worth while to acknowledge the accuracy of the penetration; another thought we had been drowned, as if there was some Solway Frith at Newport for us to get into; and a maiden lady, who lived upon the recollection of imaginary beaux, screamed out, 'Why, we thought you had run off to get married!' I thought of an epitaph I had once read:

'BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath;'

and believing that her garrulity was a constitutional infirmity, forgave her. In cases of accident, no matter how prudent they may have been, boys are always found fault with, either in the concrete, for their own benefit, or in the abstract, as a warning to other boys, and I certainly received my full share this time.

It was impossible for me to criminate the lady, and therefore I quietly submitted to the blame of jaded horses and very late hours.

The last I saw of my fair horse-woman she was proceeding up-stairs, surrounded by a number of females, who were scolding and chattering like magpies, while she, game to the last, was waving her handkerchief at me, behind her back, in token of her distinguished consideration for their admonitions.

I N D E P E N D E N C E O D E .

Air: Star-Spangled Banner.

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

WHEN our fathers in vain sought redress from the throne,
 And the tyrant grew mad in his thirst for dominion,
 Earth shook while the bugle of conflict was blown,
 And our eagle unfolded his newly-fledged pinion:
 Men with hair thin and white
 Bared their arms for the fight,
 And the lad of sixteen made the dull weapon bright,
 While gilding the battle-storm, rolling in wrath,
 The sun-light of Freedom streamed full on their path.

Fierce bands of oppression were marshaled in vain,
 Though the cross of St. GEORGE fluttered haughtily o'er them,
 Unmoved as the rock, beating backward the main,
 Frowned the phalanx of Liberty darkly before them:
 With the dying and dead
 Was the battle-field spread,
 And the rain of destruction fell reeking and red;
 But Britain soon learned that she could not prevail,
 For the war-shout of WASHINGTON rang on the gale.

In earth, by their prowess and fortitude won
 From the grasp of invasion, our grand-sires are sleeping,
 And proud are the columns that gleam in the sun,
 Where moss o'er each sepulchre slowly is creeping;
 But the triumphs of art
 Can no glory impart,
 When the names of the mighty are traced on the heart,
 And deeds that have hallowed hill, valley, and shore,
 Are linked to the turf that they trod evermore.

The valor that burned in the breasts of our sires
 Is living in hearts of the free-born and daring,
 Who nobly, while poets were stringing their lyres,
 Our flag to the Mexican stronghold were bearing:
 Thronging hosts in the fray
 Veiled the lustre of day,
 With the smoke-cloud of guns, but their march could not stay,
 And earth felt the tread of their conquering feet,
 While the heart of an empire was ceasing to beat.

Proud heirs of a legacy bought by the sword,
 May the South and the North ever live in communion;
 May the vials of doom on the traitor be poured
 Whose lip ever mutters that foul word 'Disunion:'
 Guard the home of your birth,
 Where the wretched of earth,
 When scourged by the despot, find altar and hearth,
 And the splendor of Rome will be dim to the fame
 That our land in the congress of nations will claim.

S O N N E T .

THE brackish stream that seeks the heaving sea,
 Rose pure and sweet in some far hazy heights,
 Traced out its devious way by pleasant sights,
 Reflected clear each cloud, each bending tree,
 Nor lost at once through all its gathering tide
 The grateful freshness of its mountain source ;
 But wave by wave that measured out its course
 Brought briny drops, till each low shore, stretched wide,
 Lapped up the saltness of the main ; then o'er it spread
 The sombre hue that reigns where sullen billows tread.
 So never man did fall, but that the way
 From the maternal breast to the sad goal
 Was reached by slight gradations : dark the day
 When innocence was spent and vice o'erflowed the soul.

Blackbarns, (N. J.)

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

San-Francisco, April, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER :

DEAR SIR : I have just returned from a visit to the Sandwich Islands, and take the liberty of giving you a brief sketch of my jaunt. I left San-Francisco in company with Mr. A. G. I —, of New-York, during the month of November, on board the schooner Vacquero. The passage over was a very pleasant one, although we were twenty days going, having encountered light southerly winds nearly all the way. The first land seen was the high peak of Mauna Kea, on Hawaii, which is fourteen thousand feet above the ocean. Sailing onward, the next object which opened to our view was the picturesque town of Honolulu, situated in a valley, surrounded by high mountains. When our craft was seen from the shore the natives instantly put out in their canoes, in order to tow us into the harbor ; the mouth being so narrow, a vessel is not able to enter under sail, except with a fair wind. In the harbor were five men-of-war ; the most conspicuous were the Portsmouth and the St. Mary's — the two finest ships in the United States Navy. The day was very warm when we landed. Through the kindness of Captain Bailey, of the St. Mary's, quarters had been procured for us at M. Du-fois', late French Consul to the Islands. Better accommodations could not be found. During our stay at Honolulu we were treated with great kindness ; the best the country could produce was placed before us. Honolulu contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom one third are foreigners. The houses are principally built of coral, and present a very fine appearance. At a short distance from the town is Punch-Bowl Hill, an extinct crater, rising almost perpendicularly to the

height of seven hundred feet. On the top is a fortification made of adobe. From the summit of this mountain is seen the valley of Nuananu, a perfect fairy-land. Diamond-Hill, situated close to the sea, is very similar to Punch-Bowl, but much higher.

The natives are of a dark olive complexion, with black hair and coarse features. Neither male nor female have the slightest pretensions to beauty. There is a marked difference between the chiefs and lower classes; the former are usually very tall, well made, and more dignified in appearance than the latter. The principal food of the natives consists of dried fish and *poë*; the latter is made of the taro, which is something similar to our potato; it grows in swampy soil. The root is baked in an oven of heated stones under ground until it becomes mealy; it is then mixed with water and pounded with a stone pestle till it is glutinous, after which it is kept for a few days to ferment, when it is fit for use. The natives eat this by inserting their first finger crooked into the *poë*, give it one or two turns, then convey it to the mouth, and suck it off. When made with less consistency it requires two fingers to eat it, and is called two-finger *poë*. I tasted it several times, but do not like it, as it reminds me too much of sour starch. The dress of the natives varies in different parts of the Islands. In Honolulu and the principal towns the European costume is adopted; among the mountains nothing but the *malo* is worn, which consists of a girdle of *kapa* (native cloth) tied around the body. Canoes are still principally used by the natives, although a great many prefer whale-boats, as they are larger and safer; the former are very neatly made, from twenty to thirty feet in length, and eighteen in width, with out-riggers, which consist of poles attached to the side of the canoe, and extending to windward about five feet; at the ends are fastened another pole parallel to the canoe. These out-riggers are for the purpose of keeping the boat from upsetting.

While visiting Kealahakua Bay, I saw the natives surf-bathing. They each had a board seven or eight feet long and a foot wide. Lying on this with their faces downward, they plunged into the surf as it was receding from the shore. When a breaker was met with, they went under it and came out on the opposite side, darting onward until the smooth water was reached; then, placing their boards upon the highest wave, and, standing almost erect, they were carried toward the shore with a frightful rapidity, shouting and yelling all the way. As they approached, I expected to see them dashed to pieces on the rocks; but when within a hundred feet of me, they dove under the water and went out on a recoiling wave. They do not seem to know what fear is, and will sometimes spend hours in this kind of amusement. They are also very fond of diving off from high places. When on my way to the volcano, I passed through Hilo, where are the falls of Waialuku, from eighty to a hundred feet high. There were several females bathing and jumping over the falls. They went in some distance above, where the water rushes over the rocks, laid down flat on their faces in a strong current, which carried them to the edge of the falls, then turning on their backs, they glided off on the sheet of water, feet foremost, into the river below. Throughout Hawaii there are a great many gulches, some

of them from eight hundred to a thousand feet deep. At the foot are beautiful valleys, covered with the choicest flowers and fruits, with a stream of water gradually winding its way through. As the traveller arrives at the brink of one of these precipices he is filled with admiration and awe at the grandeur of the sight. The scenery surpasses any I ever beheld. Niagara Falls, with its rush of waters, and the noble Hudson, with its palisades and towering mountains, were completely forgotten. It would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of its beauty; it requires the pen of the poet and the touch of the artist.

Kilauea Pélé (the name of the volcano) is situated on the slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, about four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is the only active volcano on any of the islands. It consists of a huge basin, or crater, the bottom of which is from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet from the surface, varying in different places, and nine miles in circumference; in the centre is a smaller one about one eighth of a mile in diameter, and the bottom, which is eighty feet from the main crater, is one bed of liquid fire. The lava rolls over in waves, like melted lead, and is thrown up into the air some forty feet. The noise is deafening, and can be heard for miles. At times can be seen waving in the wind threads of lava, which the natives call the hair of the goddess Pélé. I amused myself throwing pieces of hardened lava into the abyss below; but this was soon stopped by the guides, who threatened to leave if it was continued. The natives are still very superstitious, and some of them at the present day go up once a year with an offering for the goddess Pélé. Fruit of all kinds can be thrown into the crater without giving offence. The large crater has not been in action for a number of years; the bottom is covered with hardened lava, with fissures interspersed here and there sending forth hot steam, which is quite frequently used by the natives in cooking. There are a large number of sulphur-beds scattered around. Near the crater is a hot spring; the water when cool is excellent, and free from all mineral taste. On Mauna Loa vegetation is scarce; a few cranberry bushes and coarse grass are about all that can be seen. My stay at the volcano was not very long, as I was compelled to leave, having been driven away by an innumerable quantity of insects, which the Spaniards call 'pulgas.'

On Friday, December fifteenth, His Majesty Kamehameha the Third died. I went to the palace a few days afterward to see the remains of the late king lying in state. The sight to me was very imposing. In the audience-chamber a canopy surmounted by a gilt crown was erected, supported at the four corners by columns draped in black. On the top of each was a large kahili, made of black feathers; beneath this canopy, and elevated about three feet from the ground, was placed the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, with a long yellow tassel at each corner. Beneath the coffin was spread the royal cloak of Kamehameha the First, and over it was thrown another. (These cloaks are made of yellow feathers, and are very beautiful; only two of the feathers used in making them are taken from each bird, the remainder being of a dark

color ; the birds, being sacred to the king, are never killed.) Four natives stood, one at either corner of the canopy, each waving two large black kahilis over the coffin. This was continued during the lying in state. The royal crown, covered with crape, on a crimson-velvet cushion, was placed at the foot of the coffin ; the throne was at the head. Her Majesty and ladies in waiting were reclining on mats along-side the coffin.

The funeral took place January tenth. The streets through which the procession passed were covered with grass and rushes. At ten o'clock a.m. the people commenced to assemble at the palace. After the religious exercises were over, the canopy with the coffin was carried by the High Chiefs and placed on the funeral car, which was drawn by a large number of natives, preceded by two large yellow kahilis, and the late king's standard. Two green kahilis were carried, one on either side, at the head and foot of the car. Surrounding these were sixteen other kahilis of various colors and sizes. His Majesty Kamehameha the Fourth, H. R. H. Princess Victoria, H. R. H. Prince Lot followed in a carriage led by footmen. Ministers of state, officers of the navy, consuls, soldiers, etc., closed up the rear. A large number of natives joined in the procession. On arriving at the sepulchre, the soldiers were formed in line, and the coffin, borne by the High Chiefs, was deposited in its last resting-place. The day following, the inauguration of Kamehameha the Fourth took place in the native church. The king entered, preceded by two chiefs, each bearing a large kahili of variegated colors. On either side of him was another. Immediately behind was carried the royal standard, the Kuhina Nui, (Premier,) and the king's brother, Prince Lot, bearing the royal cloak, came next. Surrounding the king were numerous chiefs, wearing capes of yellow feathers, and carrying large kahilis. Governors and ministers of state followed. The cortege was preceded by a fine band, which, after entering the spacious aisle of the church, separated on either side, and continued playing until the king took his seat on the throne, which was elevated on a platform in front of the pulpit. The latter was covered with the late king's standard ; over the throne was one of the feather-cloaks. The Kuhina Nui, standing on the right of the king, read the will of Kamehameha the Third. The oath was then administered by Chief-Justice Lee, when the king arose and made a short speech, first in the native tongue, and then in the English. The band played 'God save the king.' The ceremonies over, His Majesty left the church. On the steps he addressed the soldiers, and then returned to his palace.

The present king is a fine-looking man, and well educated, but, unlike his predecessor, is opposed to annexation. Most of the foreigners are in favor of it ; the natives take very little interest in the matter. The United States government offered to pay an annuity of three hundred thousand dollars to Kamehameha the Third and the royal family, provided the annexation of the Islands could be effected. The king assented to the proposition ; and had the signature of the then Prince Liholiho, now king, been obtained, the measure would doubtless have been consummated. The prince was detained at Hawaii at the time

by the high chiefs, to prevent his being induced to give his signature. On his return to Honolulu the old king died, *after a short illness*, and with him all chance of annexation, as Kamehameha the Fourth prefers wearing the royal cloak of his ancestors to accepting the princely income offered by the United States.

Yours, etc.,

ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

S T A N Z A S : T O M Y R A .

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

I.

I THOUGHT my days were clouded,
That light would never beam
Upon my shadowed heart again,
Or sun-light never gleam
Upon my darkened brow again;
That love, and hope, and joy were vain.

II.

I never dreamed the spell would break;
I never hoped to win
One heart to mine, one soul like thine
To cheer the gloom within;
But now I know God's bow in heaven
A promise to our souls was given.

III.

I'll not despair since thou hast smiled;
My heart renews its bloom,
And pays to thee, with love and prayer,
The debt it owed the tomb:
For from its massive portals, say,
Hast thou not rolled the stone away?

IV.

Oh! both have seen a weary lot,
But mine hath been to weep,
With throbbing brow and aching heart,
While others were asleep;
And e'en when laughter curled my lip,
What poison I was doomed to sip!

V.

But this is past: Heaven smiles at last;
'T is thine the mission blest,
By some kind guardian angel taught
To soothe my soul to rest,
Like radiant stars that shine at even
To point the wanderer's path to Heaven!

New-York, June 13, 1855.

T H E G L O R Y O N T H E G R A V E .

BY MRS. JULIA MACMASTERS.

Soft streameth down the moon-light
 On cliff, and glen, and wave,
 But its softest shimmer falleth
 On a little grassy grave :
 With tenderest effulgence a tide of pallid gold
 Down issues, brightly bathing the marble and the mould,
 Where my darling lieth lowly,
 In a rest serene and holy,
 Brow and baby-bosom pulseless, and her innocent white hands
 Making no more gentle gesture,
 Fair folded in her vesture,
 As pale and pure a presence as any statue stands.
 Oh ! where she lowly lieth,
 My stricken spirit trieth
 To await the sweet unfolding of this bitter providence ;
 And now the moon-beam hoary,
 With expressive grace and glory,
 Mutely pausing on her marble, to my soul appealeth thence.
 It resteth on the sculptured stone
 Like a messenger from the Great White Throne :
 It watcheth calm by her gentle side,
 As the angels watched when our LORD had died :
 It sitteth still on her little feet,
 Like a brooding memory, pale and sweet :
 It lieth along with a lily light,
 Like her spirit's mantle, dropped in flight :
 It falleth with silver splendor down,
 Like a halo shed from her saintly crown :
 It beameth benignly all over the sod,
 A smile and a blessing straight from God.

Oh ! streameth soft the moon-light,
 Where my blessed one low lies,
 Like a glorified white angel,
 Far leaning from the skies.
 Only the moon-light paleth,
 Waxeth feebler and then faileth,
 And to cumbered mortal vision leaveth dark the grave, and lone,
 While the angel watcheth ever,
 His vigil faileth never,
 For a charge to him is given concerning that white stone ;
 And with Faith's uncumbered vision,
 I may see his shape elysian,
 By that consecrated stone,
 Watching ever,
 Failing never,
 By that lowly, holy stone.

Alton, (Ill.,) June, 1855.

PAUL LE BURG'S MAGIC.

— 'QUOMODO adoleseentulus
Mulieris ingenia potuēt noscere.' — TERENCE.

It was already dark when a young man stood knocking at the door of Michael Scheimer, the miller of Adfield, a small village some twenty miles from Heidelberg. His dress and appearance were somewhat remarkable; and to the reader, had he chanced to have met him an hour before, as he strode, with his peculiar swaggering gait, along the highway, his brigandish air would doubtless have suggested unpleasant ideas. Our hero, however, was no freebooter, but a student of the University; and both his dress and bearing were fashioned after the most approved style of the Heidelberg Burschen.

Paul le Burg was the glory of his kneipe. Gay and ingenious, he shone alike at the club and in the lecture-room. Overflowing with animal spirits, his love of fun and frolic often involved him in scrapes, which at the venerable *Alma Mater* where 'it delyteth us to have colleged,' would have won for him the name of a 'hard case.' Such being his character, it is not surprising that the end of the term ever found him at the bottom of his purse. But as his home was distant but two days' journey, aided by a stout pair of legs and a night with a friend, he could reach it without expending a kreuzer.

About half-way between Heidelberg and his home lived Michael Scheimer, a jolly miller, who, in consideration of his wit, and the love which Paul, by his open manners, everywhere inspired, was in the habit of extending him his hospitality whenever he chanced that way. The term had just closed. The student was on his way homeward, and it was in expectation of the accustomed hospitality that he now stood knocking at the miller's door. But for once Herr Bursch was doomed to disappointment. After the lapse of a considerable interval the buxom frau of Michael appearing, bade him good e'en, and desired him to pass on to the inn that night, as her husband was from home, and consequently it was impossible for her to admit him. It was in vain that he urged upon her the pitiable condition of his pockets, and pleaded his long acquaintance; the lady was inexorable, and the colloquy was ended by the door being shut in his face. This state of affairs surprised Paul. Hitherto he had imagined that he held no mean place in the estimation of dame Scheimer, and that the absence of the good man could ever mar his welcome was what he least suspected.

As he stood pondering how, with his empty pockets, he should dispose of himself for the night, a bright light, streaming from a chink in the closed shutters, attracted his attention. Instinctively he drew near and peeped, when, lo! the mystery of his inhospitable repulse was solved. There, by the blazing fire, with a huge tankard of ale at his elbow, sat the village school-master, regarding with remarkably com-

placent looks the roasting of a delicious capon, which, with other good cheer, was evidently intended for the delectation of himself and the worthy frau. Upon his knee was a guitar, to which, as Paul peered in upon him, he was warbling in his tenderest tones those beautiful little verses of Matthisson :

‘Ich dente dein,
Wen durch den Hain
Der Nachtgallen
Accorde schallen.
Wann dentst du mein?’

Ichabod, of Sleepy-Hollow memory, was not more deeply ‘in clover’ at the feast of Baltus Von Tassel, than our pedagogue appeared to be in the kitchen of Michael Scheimer. But alas! how true is the proverb, ‘There is many a slip, etc.!’ for at this instant a thundering rap at the door startled the Don Juan of the ferrule from his cosy position, and unceremoniously hurried both him and his supper into an old disused oven. Paul tarried long enough to see the whole of this somewhat ludicrous performance, and then, hastening around to the door, was welcomed heartily by the miller, whose return, from the frightened looks of the frau, was evidently unexpected.

Michael and his guest were soon seated in his spacious kitchen, and his wife proceeded to spread the board for supper. Paul had already drawn forth and ‘adjusted the fragrant charge’ of that inseparable of every German student — his meerschaum; but not even its grateful fumes or the conversation of his friend could keep him from casting occasional sly glances at the table. He soon saw that his supper bade fair to be far inferior to that which he had discovered in course of preparation for the gay Lothario, now trembling and sweating, half-dead with fear, in the oven. Paul was a generous youth, and, notwithstanding the inhospitable treatment which he had received a little before, he determined to extricate the good wife from her difficulty. Not, however, to give him too much credit for generosity, no doubt the aforesaid savory viands had not a little to do with his subsequent actions. In the course of conversation, the student informed his host that during the last term he had devoted himself almost entirely to the study of magic; and such was the proficiency he had attained in the *ars nigra* that, beside performing many other ingenious tricks, he could raise even ‘Old Knick’ himself. The worthy miller, being somewhat skeptical, desired some slight proof of his skill. This was just what was wanted; and so Paul very innocently proposed by means of his art to make some addition to their supper. To this Michael had, of course, no objection. Accordingly our hero entered upon his incantations. After muttering various scraps of barbarous Latin and Greek, he advanced to the door of the oven, and, quietly drawing forth the good things, closed it again, as if nothing more were behind.

The board being thus replenished, Paul, with the astonished miller, proceeded to satisfy the hunger which a long fast had created.

‘Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all,’

says the old English proverb; and the loud guffaws which arose fre-

quently from our two worthies proved the truth of the couplet. The 'home-brewed' flowed freely, and, becoming warmed by its generous influence, the student was soon ripe for any fun, and so began to concert measures for securing to the school-master a safe retreat. He continued plying the miller with ale, discoursing eloquently all the while of his marvellous power of raising Lucifer in any shape he pleased. At last, when he deemed that Michael was sufficiently fuddled, he boldly proposed to raise the devil in the likeness of the village school-master. This was consented to, provided 'Auld Nickie' should be made to take himself off immediately upon his appearance. Again had Paul recourse to his jargon, which he closed by shouting, in the voice of a Stentor, '*diabole provenito.*' Out rolled the poor frightened pedagogue, covered with soot, and, dashing against the startled miller, whose equilibrium was by this time not over steady, he reached the door and was gone.

Such was the result of Paul le Burg's first and last attempt at magic, the recital of which, upon his return to the University, caused the rafters of more than one studenten-kneipe to ring with merriment.

Easton, (Pa.,) 1855.

E. N. V.

T O A M O T H E R

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN.

I.

Aye, *wring* thy hands, wild mother,
Wail, wail the dark night through,
Then fold thy grief away;
In caverns deep
Thy heart must keep
The woe that will have sway.

II.

Nay, *fold* thy hands, sad mother,
Here 's naught for thee to do;
No tears for thee to dry;
Each curl so fair
Needs not thy care —
Closed is the azure eye.

III.

But *clasp* thy hands, pale mother,
Kiss, kiss the rod anew;
And so at last appear
As spotless white,
Divinely bright,
As he that lieth here.

Blackburns, (N. J.)

VOL. XLVI.

11

AN UNKNOWN GRAVE,

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

It is a sad, neglected grave,
Hard by the city's busiest walk,
And o'er its faded turf a flower
Nods mournfully its withered stalk:
A mossy stone, all stained with time,
Half-sunk in earth, leans o'er its head,
Whose tablet, once emblazoned, told
The name and history of the dead;
But on whose dim obliterated face
Nor age nor name the eye may trace.

I paused amid the jostling crowd
That hurries there in endless flow,
Conjecturing the sex, the age,
And station of the dust below;
And fain Time's record would unroll,
To read the blurred oblivious scroll.
A hundred rolling years or more
Their dust and shadows may have strown,
Pale sleeper! o'er thee since thy form
Was sepulchred beneath this stone!

Haply in vanished years thy name
Was honored, without speck or stain;
Thy warehouses with wealth o'erflowed,
Thy canvas whitened all the main:
Haply men's hearts with transport caught
The eloquence thy lips distilled;
Haply, sword-girded, thy brave heart
With patriotic fervor thrilled,
While foremost in the ranks of war
Thy proud name glittered like a star.

Haply on Bunker's smoky height,
In Trenton's stern ensanguined fight,
At Monmouth, and at Brandywine,
Thy dripping blade and stalwart arm
Hewed a red circle in the line,
And fenced thy country's flag from harm.
Haply in every stricken field
That signalized that glorious strife,
All gashed with steel and grimed with smoke,
Thou perilled gallantly thy life,
And, dying, honored by the brave,
Here found thy sad untimely grave.

Haply thou wert of low degree,
Of lineage mean, of humblest birth,
Enforced to roam the briny sea,
Or till with laboring hand the earth;

Yet happy in thy honest toil,
 Revered in life, in death deplored,
 Hither a hundred years ago
 Thy funeral procession poured.
 The sexton knolled thy passing bell,
 The priest the sacred ritual read,
 The clods upon thy coffin fell,
 The hymn was sung, and prayers were said.

Year in, year out, the feet of men
 Molest thy ashes in the shell;
 The idle school-boy saunters by
 Regardless of thy lonely cell;
 The noisy news-boy shouts his wares,
 The tattered pauper begs his bread,
 The belle flaunts past, the fopling stares,
 With listless consequential tread;
 And all the anxious sons of gain
 Unmindful pace thy calm domain.

A T A L E O F M Y G R A N D F A T H E R .

—— ‘THE evil donne
 Dyes not when death the body first doth leave;
 But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne
 And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 So streightly God doth iudge.’

In a lovely niche among the Highlands of the Hudson, stands the little old-fashioned country-house that I call mine. It will not long stand there; for already I am urged, even to persecution, by my wealthy neighbors, to raze its time-worn walls, and to build over its foundations an edifice more in harmony with their own elegant or pretentious villas. But there is something about the old mansion — something I dare not whisper to them — for I should speak a language but ill understood in our so rapid age; but it sanctifies in my eyes every gray stone that, weather-beaten and disfigured here and there by accumulating moss, helps to support the roof which has sheltered generations before mine; has witnessed all the little incidents of their home history, and has seen departing from under its portal the long processions which have carried them to mingle with their fathers' dust in the little church-yard behind the hill.

The old house belonged to an ancestor of mine; one who left his mark upon the age he lived in, and whose name is yet honored among his descendants. There is a portrait of him in the possession of one of the branches of the family, but I never saw it; for we have been at feud for many years, and my foot has never been upon their threshold. But our traditions speak of him as a tall, stately man; one who loved

company, and could easily adapt his bearing to the society he was in : he loved the social glass, and had that true dignity which need not fear familiarity. Gayety and wit made his society desirable, even in his more advanced years, and his presence was sought as much in the convivial gatherings of his time, as in the sober and intellectual reunions among men of his own more elevated pursuits. But those few who enjoyed most perfectly his confidence, had at times noticed, even in his gayest humors, a flickering, fleeting shadow that for a moment dwelt upon his joyous countenance, and seemed more than the expression of a passing emotion, though in a second all trace of it had fled. There were certain anniversaries he most rigidly observed, shut up by himself in the room he called his own, and none dared then intrude upon his privacy. Still his face betrayed no unusual emotion when he took his place at the family-table, and he had the same kind, good-natured word and smile for every one. Once, my father told me, his daughter accidentally entered that room. Her father's face was buried in his hands, and his gray hairs fell loose and scattered over them, upon the *escritoire*. A package of letters was lying there, and some were open by his side, while one trembled in his grasp ; a single groaning sob of agony burst forth from the strong old man. Young as she was, my aunt quietly and unnoticed left the room, and never till years after the green sod was planted on her father's bosom, did she utter a word to any, of that glimpse of his secret sufferings. At all other times, he was the kind, affectionate husband, the same tender father, the still sympathizing and lively friend and companion. Never did he allow, even from the sharer of his life, an allusion to the dark sorrow that haunted him ; and she, out of the intuitive delicacy of her love, soon learned to respect the feeling she could not understand, and obtruded no well-meant sympathy upon his solitude.

I I.

“A JOLLY place,” said he, “in times of old,
But something ails it now.”

SOME trifling business or whim brought me, on the swift wings of steam, to my quiet country home, one day in the latter part of January. I soon found myself, after beating my own path through the untrodden snow, shaking off my feet at the low door, while I waited an unconscionable time for the slow step of my good house-keeper. However, bolts were drawn, and chains clanked, and the old key creaked slowly in the rusty lock, and an honest, wrinkled face greeted me, such as I well remember, in all its alternations of ill-feigned anger and unmis-takable fondness, petting and scolding ; reproving with its frown the freaks of wayward boyhood, while the suppressed dimple at the corner of the mouth gave a too easily interpreted sanction to its most roguish pranks.

‘Well, Aunt, so I’ve come to visit you in this dreary winter’s nest. Truth to say, I am heartily sick of the great city — at least for one day to come — so Aunt, if you will only make me one of your own

cups of tea, and hunt up somewhere the old slippers and dressing-gown I lounged in last summer, I will try to forget there are such things as courts and clients ; for this blessed night I mean to be at rest.'

'O Mr. Hoffman!' the good creature edged in, as well as she could, in the intervals of my voluble greeting, 'who would have thought of seeing *you* here, in this dull, old place; you who have New-York, with all its parties, and the operas I hear the young ladies talk about; and Mrs. Hoffman and the dear children, to come up here to keep me company; why——'

'Parties and operas!' I broke in, 'and company, and all that; why, I am sick of the sight of white kid, and have talked myself hoarse with empty words, while my brains ache with the effort to invent nonsense corresponding. You wouldn't, dear Aunt, drive me back to tread over the same tiresome, endless path to-night? Come, Aunt Sophy, let me live over, for this night, the happy time when no one knew me, and I had nothing to do, and no care for any but my precious self. My wife gives me full leave to play bachelor for this short holiday. Let me draw off these stiff boots, and now for my easy-chair and the last KNICKERBOCKER.

The dear soul had not kept me at the door debating all this while; her beaming eye and her quick movements gave me all the welcome I could desire; and by this time I was fairly ensconced in my favorite corner by the fire-side, and was gazing through the small panes in the library-window on the wintry landscape without.

The library is a fine large room, in the old style; its low ceiling profusely decorated with the curious mouldings of those times. A heavy wooden mantel, abounding in wreaths and Cupids, overhangs the grate, which, from its resplendent brass knobs and brightly-polished fender, reflected back the cheerful coal-fire which glowed between its bars. Heavy book-cases stand along the walls, and on their shelves, in stout leather binding, are ranged the volumes that bear the imprint of Toulson, and the magnates of the literary mart of the last century. There were Johnson and Sterne, and the bitter satire of Swift, and the no less severe though more polished sarcasm of Pope; and in long battalions are drawn up the stupid volumes of the 'Gentlemen's Magazine,' with its chronicle of the births of those who have long since departed, and the deaths of those who have long been forgotten; in its musty pages you shall find many a love-sonnet, and pastorals innumerable, to Sylvias and Anaryllises, Chloes, Phyllises, and Daphnes, whose children's children have listened to the same vain tale, told in more modern phrase, and now count the fast-coming silvery streaks in their own once bonnie hair.

From the library a door opens into the wide hall, on the opposite side of which are the parlors, now closed for the winter. At one end of the hall runs up the broad stair-way, with its heavy square bannister; it stops abruptly at the wide landing which spans the hall, affording room for the display of a host of flower-pots, crowned with verdure of every varying hue; and behind which the lofty bow-window admits light and air and blue sky enough to penetrate to every corner of the cheerful hall, and to enliven our hearts, as we gaze through its lozenges of crys-

tal, out on the bright prospect of hill, and field, and river, that lies stretched for many a mile before us. A second shorter flight, springing at right angles from the bending, conducts us to the upper story.

But for me, I will return to the bright fire in the library, and to the treasured magazine, till the fragrant steams of Bohea and the smoking rolls tempt me to gossip an hour away, as I used in the good old time, when I was younger, and a promising bachelor, though it would seem that time has notched no years since then upon the venerable face opposite me.

—
I I I .

'I HAVE heard, (but not believed,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again.'

My gown was resumed when the evening repast was over, and I was again comfortably busied in scenes far away from the Hudson. But as the night drew on, without the roar of omnibuses, or the dismal clangor of the fire-alarm, the type grew indistinct before my eyes, and I instinctively rose to bring out from its well-known recess the decanter of choice Madeira, and sipping and musing over my glass, then lighting one of the bunch of Havanas that had survived last summer's campaign, I settled myself more comfortably in the deep library-chair, to dream over this puzzling riddle of life, whose deep meaning we all with our various plummets so anxiously seek to sound, but whose fearful solution the fool and the wise alike shall assuredly find.

The gray smoke continued to curl over my head, and sport in fantastic rings around the old carved ornaments of the ceiling. How long I continued to dream, I do not know, but I awoke in the midst of a scene so startling that I wonder now at the power I had to witness it. The wide doors of the library were thrown open, and the hall, the library, and the parlors were brilliantly lighted. There upon the heavy carved table was the quaint lamp that had long been treasured up among the relics of our family. Curious ornaments and grotesque girandoles shone upon the mantel; the gilding was fresh upon the carved cornices of the book-cases; elaborately-finished Dutch landscapes, with portraits of a generation of Arcadians, hung about the walls, which were painted with an elegance which made me blush for my own neglect.

The suite of apartments thus thrown open to my astonished gaze was filled with a brilliant throng: there were gentlemen in old-fashioned attire, the hair carefully powdered, in richly-laced waistcoats, and coats of scarlet, or modest blue, glittering with gold, the dress-sword tucked through the broad skirt, leading through the mazes of an old court-dance their ladies, who, their hair thrown back from the forehead, arranged in careless luxuriant masses, and powdered in the style of a former age, managed gracefully their wide-spreading hoops, and sailed with stately ease at the side of their partners. They glided through the strange and intricate figures; they bowed and courtesied with courtly dignity; they passed and re-passed before my eyes, and swam close at my side, so that I could almost feel the fanning air upon my cheek. There were rich dresses and blazing jewels; and satins and

velvets and gay costumes swept before me in one mass of brilliant, bewildering, yet orderly confusion. Not a sound was heard — not the rustling of a foot ; and though in the place where should stand my wife's piano, a lady sat, apparently playing upon an antique harpsichord, not a note of music broke the death-like silence.

All wore the air of festival ; the glaring lights, the gay colors, the intermingling, gliding figures ; all but those faces ! — those faces that turned to me their great lustrous eyes, full of anxious, silent inquiry ! — those dumb lips, whereon dwelt no shadow of a smile — those sad, bejewelled brows, where sat weariness and care, and the sickness of long-deferred hope. There were the young and beautiful there, and the men bore deep impressed upon them the seal of Nature's own nobility, and the women moved like queens ; yet when those earnest, beseeching, despairing eyes were turned to mine, a chill like the chill of death ran through me, and my gasping breath was hushed. Shadowy glasses were quaffed, and cards were shuffled, and the forms of pleasure were observed with a sort of despairing eagerness, as if seeking an early release from such tedious mockery. It was all the more shocking, that display of frivolity and pleasure, so at variance with those wan faces, and the air of lassitude and weariness and unearthly sadness that pervaded all.

There were two that I singled out from the throng : their brows wore a deeper expression of melancholy, and there was something in their bearing and conduct which, spite of myself, kept my fascinated eyes upon them. The lady was at that age when female charms owe least to art ; her figure, fully developed, was yet light and graceful ; her clear complexion, just tinged with brown, harmonized well with the bright black eye, and the dark, luxuriant tresses, which, wanting the elaborate care of her companions, were coiled into a heavy knot behind. The color had mantled deep in that fair cheek, and smiles and laughter had chased each other there, before that deadly pallor settled down upon it. So much I could see, that in the days gone by, the loudest laugh and the merriest face in that goodly company were hers.

Her cavalier in the dance was dressed in the rich and picturesque costume of a man of fashion of that period. His hair, powdered to a snowy whiteness, contrasted strongly with the fresh color of youth, and the large dark eye that glanced proudly from beneath the lofty brow, but still settled back into that expression of deep repentant sadness that was the prevalent tone. His features were of classic elegance, and there was upon them the marked impress of a fiery temperament, chastened and subdued by much early suffering.

I observed, in the intervals of the dance, that he stole to the side of his lady-partner, and that he seemed to be paying the homage then deemed most acceptable to maidens ; but though in act and gesture, and the apparently uttered words, they were fond and accepted lovers, yet no expression of pleasure, no bright smile of love or hope once swept away the gloom that dwelt upon their brows. As together they turned their sad eyes upon me, I read there I know not what deep tale of despair ; of fruitless, blasted love ; of hope worn out with patient enduring ; of weariness and silent woe.

Still the dance went on. There was jig, and contra-dance, and the minuet, and the new quadrille ; but oh ! never may I see again such wan faces and care-worn youthful features mingling in the gay measures of the ball-room.

I was not conscious of the lapse of time, but I noticed that the revel flagged, and just as the first gray streak of morn stole through the eastern window, each weary head dropped upon its bosom ; in an instant the throng was gone. I thought, as my eye turned toward the deep bay-window, I could see, on the carriage-road in front, the dim outlines of horses and vehicles, receiving shadowy loads of dames and cavaliers ; but my first step toward the window dispelled the illusion, and I found myself alone. My lamp had burned low ; a few coals, buried in ashes, still smouldered in the grate ; and as I flung wider the shutters to admit the dim light of the winter's morning, all was as it had been, even to the black stump of my good segar, which lay there, as carelessly as any bachelor could have flung it, upon the spotless image of a woollen lamb.

My brain was agitated with curious debate as I performed my morning toilet. That the scene I have described had actually passed before my bodily eyes, I could not dare to doubt : the air of quaint reality ; the shadowy distinctness of every object ; the vivid recollection of those mournful eyes, which followed me even then, convinced me I could not have been dreaming ; yet there, in the same condition as I had left it, was the old table, littered with the same papers and books I had tossed over the night before. The solitary lamp, its chimney darkened with the smoke of the expiring wick ; the decanter and the single glass standing by it, with the few drops I had left untasted ; the old walls as dingy, and the ashy heap in the grate as low as if they had witnessed no midnight revelry.

And if it were so, what could it mean — what sin unatoned, or what long-forgotten wrong could this little lodge of mine have known — that should draw these poor spirits from their long resting-place to reenact here their life's drama ? And why should *I* be made the witness of their weary penance ? My conviction of the reality of the night's vision was such that, after much deliberation, I determined to confide to my faithful house-keeper the whole secret, knowing that, if she did not believe, she certainly would not ridicule.

So, when the blooming lass who is training for the future house-keeper had cleared away the snowy cloth from our little breakfast-table, I drew my chair near to my old nurse.

'Aunt, you noticed I was more quiet than is my wont this morning ; but I have been thinking of a strange scene that passed before my eyes last night.' So I began a full history of the mysterious vision, not without asseverations more strong than it is usual for me to confirm my stories withal.

But as I watched the countenance of my nurse, I did not see upon it that incredulity which I fully expected to find there ; but, as her knitting grew gradually more and more slow, she finally suffered the bristling web to fall into her lap ; and, with her clasped hands resting there, she watched my progress with an expression of unmistakable interest.

When I had concluded, I noticed the muscles of her face twitching with an emotion I had never before seen there. For a moment she said nothing; then, taking my hand, which rested on the arm of her elbow-chair, she began in a steady voice, which gave evidence of the strong control she was exerting over herself.

I V.

— ‘or wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupefy and stun its smart
For one loud busy day.’

‘My dear George — you must forgive me if I seem to forget the difference between us; you know you were always my child, from the nursery up — it seems to me that the time has come to release myself from a pledge long since given, never broken; one it has been my life’s trust to keep, till I could commit my secret to the one whom PROVIDENCE should seem to designate.

‘The scene you have described has yearly been enacted before me. About this time every winter, a few weeks before the holy season of Lent, I have watched in that library till the hour of twelve. Then the whole interior of the house is suddenly lighted up; the old appearance of the apartments seems to be restored, as it was long before my day, and they are filled with the same crowd of old-fashioned gentlemen and ladies of which you speak. I, too, have noticed that pair of seeming lovers, and I have felt concerning that gentleman the same suspicions as yourself. But why mine are even stronger you may learn from what I now shall tell.

‘You have often heard me speak of my mother; she lived to a good old age, and to her last day her works of benevolence and piety never ceased. Indeed, I often thought her austere; there was a degree of strictness in her religious notions, and in her devotional habits, that was not likely to find favor in the eyes of a giddy young girl like me, and it was long before I began to appreciate the true spirit of her actions.

‘She, as you know, like myself, lived long in your family, although born to a much higher, though no happier sphere. All that I have of cultivation, and all the resources in myself in which I find my happiness, I owe to her.

‘But, not to weary you, when I began to entertain the thoughts of a woman, I early discovered that something more than the usual devotional feeling, or the anxiety for salvation, formed the impulse of my mother’s religious observances. Long before the time consecrated by the church to special religious exercises, I noticed that her own habits became more rigidly devout, and that her mind seemed laboring under a load which, intolerable as it appeared, she had made it her duty to bear secretly and unaided. When the return of the year brought round the same period, I observed that she again withdrew herself from all unnecessary worldly employments, and engaged in a multitude of quiet charities, in which she seemed to find relief from the contemplation of a secret she had determined should die with her.

‘But one winter, I well remember, she called me to her ; it was about this time of the year ; she begged of me to watch with her for that one night. There was something in her manner I could not refuse, even were I not her daughter. That night we passed together in the library. My poor mother never left her knees, in her dark agony, till the bright day-light streamed in over her prostrate form. Oh ! how her shrieks still linger in my ears, as she cried out of unutterable torment to her God ! how, with groans, that even now, when I think of them, fill the dark night with horrors, she prayed for a release from the burden that was crushing her ! how she told her God of the long years she had shut up the secret fire within her bosom ! She called Him to witness that in all fidelity she had kept her charge ; and now, in softened accents, through the sobs that broke her humble utterance, she implored His final blessing, His approval of what she sought to do.

‘On my knees by her side, my hand clasped in hers as I now hold yours, her gray hair streaming over my cheek, I saw that night what you last night witnessed — what we three only of all the living have beheld. And when the vision had departed I heard the faint groan of my parent : ‘And now lettest thou THY servant depart in peace !’ and, by the first faint gleam of dawn, beheld her lying insensible by my side. She was removed to her bed, from which she never again rose, but survived to tell me, what I now tell you, the little I know of your grandfather.’

Aunt Sophy paused for a few minutes, and neither of us spoke ; her eye-lids trembled strangely, and the firmly-pressed lips quivered for a moment : she dropped my hand, but, resuming it, continued :

‘Your grand-father, George, was early left an orphan. With what were then abundant means, he was allowed by his guardians to pursue nearly his own course, and it was perhaps well that he soon became interested in the profession in which he distinguished himself.

‘With fortune, a fine person, elegant manners, and wit, it was not strange that he should form many and varied acquaintances. Accordingly, in New-York, where he spent much of his time, he was well known in the more refined circles of society, among the British officers stationed there, and with the more aristocratic provincial families who made the city their residence.

‘At that time these premises were the property of Colonel Hartley, a retired officer of fortune and family, who had chosen this country for his home. By his influence he had succeeded in gathering about him a number of families of high respectability, and the neighborhood was well esteemed in the city for refinement and hospitality.

‘It so happened that your grand-father was visiting friends of his in Colonel Hartley’s neighborhood, and, with the frank hospitality of the times, the Colonel’s doors were thrown open to the young stranger, and he became a frequent guest at his board. It was not possible for a young man so susceptible to be long on such terms of intimacy without discovering the charms of the only daughter of his entertainer — a lovely young girl, my mother said, whose bright smile and merry laugh set many a young man’s heart throbbing in his bosom ; and over whom her father watched with an idolatrous pride. From the time your

grand-father's eye first fell upon her face there were attractions here that often drew him from his pursuits in the city, and he made more frequent use of his friend's hospitality. He even left the winter gayeties of the city to join in the festivities that enlivened the season at Colonel Hartley's mansion, and under the roofs of his opulent neighbors.

'The young lady herself was not indifferent to him, and the momentary fancy had fast ripened into deep love on both sides. The father, unconscious of the rate at which the attachment was progressing, and pleased with the frank, easy manners of his guest, urged him to prolong his frequent visits, and the young lovers passed their time together in delicious enjoyment of the present, not caring nor fearing any thing for the future.

'It was at this time that the unhappy strife broke out between Great Britain and her colonies, and deadly feud was set up between many families who, living side by side for many years, had established bonds of intermarriage and interest such as it would seem no earthly power might break.

'Colonel Hartley, by inheritance and predilection a strong tory, at once espoused the royal cause, and advocated it with the bigotry which so marked the course of the adherents of the crown in that great struggle.

'Your grand-father had not sacrificed his independence and self-respect to the calls of love. When it became necessary to declare himself, he avowed, in Colonel Hartley's own presence, his intention of following the American standard.

'Colonel Hartley said nothing; gentlemanly courtesy would not permit him to dispute with his guest under his own roof; but it was then, by an accident, that he discovered the true state of his daughter's heart. His rage was deep and terrible; he poured curses upon the head of the degenerate daughter, who dared to taint the blood of his proud line by union with a traitor. The doting love he had wasted upon her turned to hatred most deadly: the pride with which he had been used to regard her, degraded her only more deeply in his present estimation. Reproaches and privations were heaped upon her; she was watched, and every avenue of approach guarded; all the engines that men use to avert the decrees of fate were employed to bend her will; nothing was left undone to render life intolerable.

'But the daughter inherited the father's proud spirit, and all these obstacles were overcome, and frequent meetings took place between her and her lover.

'Affairs remained in this state for some time, the daughter eluding the stern vigilance of her father, and avoiding as much as possible his dreaded presence. But it so happened that on a summer's day they suddenly confronted each other in one of the paths among the shrubbery, down yonder on the river, to which the young lady's walks had lately been confined; and then it was that the unhappy father first read the story of his name's disgrace in the altered form, and pallid, heart-broken visage of his wretched daughter. With a curse hoarsely muttered between his teeth, he seized her fiercely by the wrist, dragged her,

pale, breathless, fainting, to her chamber, there left her without a word, and turning the key in her door, strode heavily through the hall to his library. The servants found his door closed against them when they knocked, but, pausing there, they heard from within such groans, mingled with imprecations so fearful, that their knees trembled under them, and they gazed at one another in ghastly terror, and stole each one quietly away to his own employment.

Colonel Hartley passed the night in his library without food or light ; but the next morning he appeared calm and taciturn in the breakfast-room ; only once did he open his mouth with a fierce oath, when the uneasy maid wondered at the length of Miss Helen's morning slumbers.

Leaving the table, he jerked heavily at the bell, and ordered his carriage to the door ; then mounted the stairs to his daughter's apartment. She, poor girl, lay there as she had fallen at his feet the night before ; her bonnet had fallen from her head, and her long, dark tresses streaming wildly over her poor young face, lay there in sad disorder on the floor. The agony of the night had been too much for her young strength, and she was now — oh ! for how brief an hour ! — unconscious of her misery. As the father harshly raised the cold forehead from its sad resting-place, he might have seen the traces of tears not yet dry upon her pallid cheek. Oh ! did not the memory of the bright hue that had once been there, and the glad, radiant smile that used to dance there to welcome his approach, soften the fierce wrath that glowed in the father's eye, and that rankled so in his heart ? Oh ! who can say what offering may atone to injured pride, what kind memories may allay the fresh sting of dishonor in the haughty heart ? She was roused, and her shrinking eyes beheld no change, no shadow of forgiveness upon her father's stern brow. Trembling, and in silence, she obeyed his brief commands, and threw hastily together a few articles of clothing, which were put into her father's travelling carriage. As the two rolled off together, the old servant, who stood long at the gate, beheld her last woeful look of parting, and then she buried her poor face in her hands, and the turn in the road took them out of sight.

Months elapsed before Colonel Hartley returned, and then he was alone, and how changed ! His tall form, which had not stooped under the weight of sixty years, was bowed low ; he never raised his eyes to return the salutations of his friends ; his door was closed against them. He dwelt alone, a moody, silent old man ; his grounds were neglected, and he sat by himself in his library all the day long, uttering no word, and caring for no outward thing. Never, to the day of his death, did the name of his daughter pass his lips.

It has been said that during the mysterious absence of Colonel Hartley and his daughter your grand-father, too, was missing from the scenes in which he usually moved ; and, by a strange coincidence, not many days after the desolate old man returned to his dreary home, your grand-father reappeared in the city of New-York, and there indulged in an extravagance of dissipation such as provoked general remark, and excited the worst fears of his friends regarding him. But it soon became necessary for the American army to retire from New-York, and your grand-father, from the reputation he had already ac-

quired, as a young surgeon of much promise, having secured an appointment in the medical staff, soon found the employment his active spirit required, and then commenced the honorable career which terminated only with his life.

'The fate of the unfortunate Miss Hartley remains now, as then, a mystery. The remorse which clouded the latest moment of his existence your ancestor never confessed to the world. When he retired from the service he married, and lived happily with his excellent wife; and for his social virtues and happy convivial habits he was, as you know, renowned.

'When New-York was evacuated by the British, it became necessary for Colonel Hartley to leave the country. He returned to England, and there lived on his ample hereditary fortune. His estates in this country were confiscated, and your grand-father succeeded in purchasing this mansion, which, with the grounds appertaining, he left at his death to his youngest heir, with a strict injunction never to suffer them to pass out of the family.

'On Colonel Hartley's demise the family estates came into the possession of a branch distantly related, and the name he bore so proudly has passed almost out of remembrance.

'Never before this morning have I breathed a word to any living creature of the secret so solemnly confided to me by my mother. It has been a heavy burden to my existence; I have still felt it my duty to watch here at my post till PROVIDENCE should release me; and you well know that none of your kind offers has tempted me away from my trust. Until to some member of your family the same mysterious vision should appear, I considered myself the sole depository of this dread secret, and I have longed — oh! how wearily — till another might share it with me. It has not often happened that this place has been visited at this season by any of the family, and you are the first that has heard this tale from my lips. Have I done well, my master?'

The warm pressure of my hand was the only answer I could make to my nurse's appeal. The old lady sat silent in her chair; her lips moved not, but I knew that her thoughts were far beyond this earthly scene. For a moment she sat thus, then she took up her neglected knitting, and as her fingers rapidly flew, her features assumed their accustomed placid expression, and she was again, to all outward seeming, my quiet, imperturbable old house-keeper.

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V.

'AND I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures, which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and Death.'

How Charles Russell ever came to be a friend of mine, I must confess is more than I can yet conceive. We first met when we were fellow-students in one of the New-England colleges. We were seldom

brought into contact, and then our tastes so entirely disagreed that it could hardly have occurred to either of us that our acquaintance would ever go beyond the simple nod in the village street, or an occasional word exchanged on the existing state of the atmosphere, or the agricultural prospects of the coming season, and similar indifferent topics. So far as I understood his habits at all, he secluded himself in his dingy apartment, where he pored night and day, as the late glimmer in his window testified, over the dusty lore the back-shelves of our library afforded. Only occasionally in my gunning excursions did I meet him ranging among the lofty hills that environed Alma Mater, and then he returned as the broad shadows stole deeper into the valley, and the stammering tongue of the evening bell gave its last summons to prayers, laden with a heavy burden of geological rubbish, or with the wilted remains of bright June flowers, that had opened their sweet eyes in security and innocence, in many a mountain glen, and on many a high, impregnable crag, where they had drooped in soft repose the evening before. I, too, loved flowers then, but it was not to see their gentle limbs dissevered, nor to torture their innocent hearts to confession, nor to make strict inquisition with the cruel knife into the secret of their bright lineage, that I plucked them from their lowly stems; nor did I take much interest in the pursuits of my class-mate, except that when a bird of rare plumage came down at my shot, I gave to him the gaudy skin, to practise over it those mystic rites of his under whose magic power it came forth a new phoenix, in all that life and beauty my ruthless hand had destroyed.

I doubt if ever we should have called each other friends, but for a freak of my own thoughtless curiosity. Wishing, one evening, to ask of him some trifling favor, I entered his room unheard, and found him with his back to me, leaning intently over his writing. Half-mischievous, half-curious, I peered over his shoulder to know what dull problem so absorbed his attention, when, instead of figures, and angles, and lettered lines, there was *poetry* — exquisite poetry, too; for, with ill-bred eagerness, I glanced it over with my eye down to the word where his hand then paused; and that word was a wonderful key to the riddle of a miniature that lay there among the musty papers. ‘And not a bad-looking girl either,’ as I confessed aloud, bringing my hand down with startling emphasis upon his shoulder. And there we stood and sat, two as astonished college-boys as ever stared into each other’s faces, till his hearty ringing laugh gave me the cue I was not slow to follow.

‘So, Sir Benedict, let me say, you do not dress the part too well; pretty use, forsooth, you make of your senior leisure! Come, shall we have those lines next composition-day, or are you reserving them for commencement? Why, Miss Anna herself could not blush deeper.’

‘Hush! hush! for Heaven’s sake, do, Hoffman! don’t honor the young lady with so extensive an introduction as you are now giving her: there, if that will stop your mouth, pray take it,’ half-throwing toward me an excellent regalia, which had the desired effect. And so we sat, in pleasant chat, much, I fear, to Miss Anna’s loss, and parted better friends, and better understanding each other than we had in the whole three years of casual intercourse.

Russell left college without forming many attachments. It was only through my cordial admiration of his early attempts that he began to appreciate the brilliant talents he possessed. The more extended intercourse with the world he afterward enjoyed still farther developed his powers, and I had frequent reason to feel pride in the intimate intercourse I enjoyed with him. Yet he was not ambitious, as the world consider ambition, and when he had amassed enough to accomplish the darling object of his heart, and had acquired reputation sufficient to make him what he wished to appear in the eyes of her he loved, he cared but very little for farther advancement, and devoted himself for his remaining life to the pursuance of his own more precious studies, and the education of the interesting family that sprang up around him.

V I.

It has been among my most cherished plans, for many successive summers, to pay a visit to the little cottage in one of those lovely old villages which lie along the Connecticut shore, and which hang, like scattered pearls, upon the line of the New-Haven Railway, where dwells my friend with his charming wife and family.

So one bright afternoon, in the early part of October, when the forest-trees were blushing in those rich hues which forebode fast-hastening decay, I stood upon the platform of the little depot, dusty and travel-stained, grasping the warm hand of my eager friend, while my trunk was being stowed away under the seat of the family-carriage. Our steeds soon trampled the green sod before his gate, where stood a lively group, vociferous in every key of boyish and girlish greeting, while the bright, matronly face of the mother gave hearty welcome, well qualified with mild reproach, for my delay.

So, when questions were answered and apologies made, and some degree of their original complexion was restored to my dust-begrimed features, I sat down quietly with the friend of my youth, to talk over the incidents that had diversified the course of our lives since last we met. His time had flowed quietly along in its usual course, marked more by progress than events. George, a young graduate from West-Point, and officer of engineers, wrote back frequent and enthusiastic reports from his expedition among the Western mountains, and I could see, as he dwelt on the scientific details of his son's dispatches, that the father's ambition and his hopes of future remembrance were centred in him. He committed to me his playful message to my daughter, which I, in like humor, pledged myself to forward next day to Newport. With this and like gay chat, we whiled away the hours, till candles came to light us bed-ward.

Many happy days I spent with my friend : now rolling smoothly over broad roads in search of some favorite retreat ; to-morrow scudding in our swift bark over the sparkling billows of the Sound, with merry laugh and pleasant tale beguiling our bright way ; another day, with gun on shoulder, toiling up rough hill-side paths, that led to many a forest-clad pinnacle of the ridge that bounded our view inland ; and

each day returning with bags well stuffed, which, with the littered floor of the little library, testified that the love for nature was yet glowing in my class-mate's heart.

When the country Sabbath dawned upon us, we obeyed the call of the tinkling bell, which for a century had summoned the primitive inhabitants of the village to the house of God. Treading the paths white with ocean-shells, and now more thickly sprinkled with the falling leaves of autumn, we mingled with the little throng of villagers, and passed along under spreading branches of oak and elm, and up the gentle rising, consecrated by old New-England custom to the rites of living worship and the repose of the dead. The zeal of many pious generations and well-earned gains of many thrifty farmers, and much rustic skill and taste had been lavished upon the sanctuary, which, from its stunted tower, acknowledging no allegiance to the rules of architecture, and dazzling with its pure white paint, still sent out its echoing peals over the broad plain, urging on the hasty pace of many a goodly team that dragged its full load, flaming with scarlet shawls, along the dusty road.

Within, the old-fashioned glass chandelier that hung from the decorated ceiling, the rich drapery of desk and pulpit, with many elaborate old carvings, dark with accumulated dust, proclaimed alike the piety and liberality of the village ancestry.

The high-backed pews were filling fast, and many blooming maidens and sturdy youth, from whose sun-burnt brows the sweat-drops of six laboring days were newly wiped, stole softly down the narrow aisles. Among the young, smiles went round and low-whispered greetings, while the old bent silently forward, or sank into the deep corners of the pews, with closed eyes and abstracted, unworldly countenances.

'The LORD is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.' Each rose reverently in his place while the solemn opening words of the service were read; each head bowed low in confession of sin and acknowledgment of deep unworthiness; many a voice, trembling with age, joined fervently in the noble Gloria in Excelsis; many a young head that had known no sorrow bent forward with the gray hairs and wrinkled brows that had outlived all worldly happiness; from all alike rose the deep responses of the Litany.

To one so accustomed to the fashionable and frivolous atmosphere of city churches, the simple worship of this little congregation had an air of unwonted solemnity, and with subdued voice and softened spirit I joined the little group without, on their homeward way. The throng broke up into long divergent streams, which, leaving their little knots at each neat gateway, and under many rustic porches, were thinned at every door, and soon only here and there a scattering group was seen, and then the village street was deserted.

It was after the early tea-hour, when I was sitting with my friend on the pleasant piazza, shaded with never-fading ivy, watching the groups of children that stole along the quiet walks and over the broad green patches, each shaded by the arching boughs of elm and maple, and spread with thickly-falling leaves of every hue.

Using my visitor's privilege, I made him throw by the half-written

review, in which, in the next quarterly, should be discussed with delicate, true perception and ready wit and fervent eloquence the claims of the last new aspirant to poetical or literary fame. So we talked cheerily by the soft sunlight, mellowed by the Indian-summer haze, and confusedly blending with faint shadows that fell through the half-stripped branches upon sere leaves and fading grass below. The spirit of the hour was upon us, and we talked of the young days we had seen, that were now verging upon their autumn, and of the bright faces that shone upon them then, that were now mingling, like these leaves, with the soil of many a scattered church-yard, that the setting sun had visited in his pilgrimage this holy day. By such conversation as this my friend was led insensibly back to speak of the father whose bones lay far away, buried under the rolling waters of the ocean.

VII.

‘You would hardly guess, from the knowledge you have of me, what was the character and what were the pursuits of my father. He was obliged, from the commencement, to work his own toilsome path through life; and the adventurous profession he espoused, as much as his own ardent temperament, made him remarkable among men on shore for bold, romantic daring, and a chivalry of character such as it is rare to find among those of more peaceful pursuits.

‘My father was educated in the first rude principles of learning in the family of an excellent farmer, who lived some miles from here: he was an orphan, and was adopted, in pure benevolence, into the happy family in which he lived. But when he approached the years at which the other sons were sent out into the fields to earn their subsistence by their own labor, my father was allowed the privilege of a more extended education, and was exempt from the more irksome duties of the farm. His love of adventure already began to manifest itself: at this period, when he was planning many new roads to fame and fortune, his good guardian talked often and seriously with him on his future prospects, and explained to him that on his own exertions must depend all the happiness and success he might ever hope to enjoy. He had noticed, he said, that the dull routine of a farmer’s life had not been pleasant to him: it afforded him happiness, that by kind assistance from remote quarters, he could place him in a position to earn more brilliant rewards; but he reminded him that in whatever sphere, honor and happiness were the prizes only of industry and unintermitted exertion.

‘In due time arrived the midshipman’s warrant from Washington, and my father was fairly launched into the ocean of excitement and change, in which he passed his life. The counsels of his guardian were not lost to him, and in the then not crowded list of our navy, his name steadily advanced, till he reached the rank of second lieutenant.

‘During the years before he became a commissioned officer, my father depended almost entirely for support upon the meagre pay of the navy. The ship which brought him his lieutenant’s commission, with

permission to return from the Gulf, where he was cruising, brought also the sad news of the death of his excellent father by adoption. There was also a business letter from a banking firm in New-York, concisely notifying Lieutenant Russell that they were instructed to place at his disposal an annual sum of very considerable amount; that he need feel no scruples of delicacy in accepting it; but that on no account must he institute any inquiries as to the source whence it was derived. In such a case, their positive orders were to withhold farther payment.

‘My father was not a man to trouble himself unnecessarily with questions when his honorable scruples were satisfied — more especially when he had reason to believe that such inquiries would lead to results as prejudicial to his peace and happiness as to his pecuniary interest. Accordingly, when he arrived in New-York, he received from his banker, without question, the sum he required for present use, and continued to draw upon this mysterious fund to the day of his death.

‘At that time our navy did not afford a field for much active exertion, and my father remained for many years without promotion, although his reputation as an active officer was second to none in the service. He was not a very young man when the war of 1812 broke out, and that series of brilliant naval exploits commenced which established our flag upon the ocean. Anxious for an opportunity to distinguish himself, my father waited upon the Secretary at Washington; he was received with the usual official politeness, but his application was deferred, with one of those apologies which rise so readily to the lips of men in power, and with an assurance that Lieutenant Russell should be provided for in a position where he would have an opportunity to serve his country.

‘An old gentleman was sitting at the Secretary’s table, quietly reading the day’s news; when my father’s name was mentioned, he quickly looked up, and my father noticed that his dark piercing eye was fixed upon him with an expression of more than usual interest; but it soon dropped indifferent upon the paper, and the handsome features wore the same outward air of inattention. The next day, my father received word, in a polite official note, that, owing to influence exerted in high quarters, Lieutenant Russell’s petition was granted; and he was requested to report himself forthwith on board the frigate to which he was appointed. My father was not slow in obeying, and he saw service during the war sufficient to give him a proud name among our naval heroes; and, before the peace, Captain Russell’s obscure origin was forgotten in the halo of glory that surrounded his name. My father married happily; when he returned home after peace was declared, he received, through his bankers, the deed of the old house where now I dwell, and, in the intervals which his busy life allowed him, he spent many pleasant days here with his family.

‘My father was not indifferent to the stigma he believed rested upon his birth, and his life was one continual effort to efface it; still he never allowed the thought to disquiet him, and never cared to draw away the veil from a secret he knew promised nothing of happiness to him or his. Still, there are certain traditions current in a gossiping village like this, that I cannot help feeling have some real meaning, and throw some glimmering of light upon the mystery.

VIII.

"THE superstitious idle-headed old
Received, and did deliver to our age
This tale."

"ONE summer afternoon," says the old crone who is our history and daily chronicle in one, 'just at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, there drove up to the King's Head, in a heavy travelling-carriage, abundantly dashed with mud, and dusty with long travel, an old gentleman and his beautiful daughter, for such she seemed to be, though in his manner there was little of paternal tenderness, and his few words to her had more of authority than love. While the idlers of the village were discussing in the stable-yard the various points of the stately carriage-horses, the father did not allow himself long repose after his fatiguing journey, but busied himself, much to the good host's consternation, in inquiries after private accommodations in the village. There is no better intelligence-office than a village bar-room, and the stranger soon ascertained that the old parsonage stood vacant, and might be engaged for a limited time. Arrangements were accordingly made, and next day the two were quietly established under this roof.

"Simultaneously with the arrival of these unwonted guests at the good hostelry of the King's Head, the tea-parties of the village were furnished with fresh subject of discourse, by the appearance of a new doctor in their midst. The well-established Æsculapius of the town looked with intense disdain upon the new-comer, who, with awkward strides, and raw, unlearned motions, perambulated the village in search of quarters.

"The young Hippocrates, forsooth, was not the most prepossessing of those who practise his art. His tall, stooping form, clad in home-spun not of the finest; his coarse red hair, that hung in matted strings over his forehead; the eyes disfigured by spectacles, and the rough, unsightly beard, were not strong advocates, even with those who dared despise the enmity of the older practitioner. But no sooner was the young man established than the whole neighborhood was aghast with the tidings that the new physician had been seen coming out of the door of the old parsonage; and the wise dames, in their evening conclaves, were busy with their new mystery. But time confirmed the rumor; and more — the first case of the young doctor seemed likely to drag on for a long time, and the old physician, in the retirement of his back-office, in the choice circle of his friends, inveighed with bitter eloquence against the spread of modern quackery, and shook the heavy seals that dangled from his fob, in fierce and weighty indignation.

"Stories were now whispered among the elder dames, amid many sage winks and nods, with solemn eyes up-turned, and long-drawn faces wondering at the iniquity their own hearts devised. The young lady's white face became paler and yet more pale, and her evening-drives grew less frequent; the old nurse, whose services were secured, added her invaluable budget to the choice volume of scandal. For the young-doctor himself, she thought, if he were not the evil one himself, he might at least inscribe that majestic name in the direct roll of his an

cestry ; he had the devil's own temper — she hoped she might be forgiven — but you know, one doesn't like to be dictated to and contradicted by one that no body knows any thing of, especially when one who has been born and bred in a place, and been treated, as you know, with respect ; and good LORD knows, old Dr. Wilson never gave a pill nor a powder, without asking her opinion. Stories, such as were common in country villages then, passed round with the steaming cups, and Satan himself could not have been regarded with more awe, or watched with more curious avoidance, than was the young doctor. And when at last, in the old manse, the wail of an infant was heard, and in a few days the long black coffin passed out from under its roof, and the dry clods covered all that remained of the beautiful creature who alighted at the village-inn a few short months ago, the story went, that, in the dead of the dark stormy night, the clash of heavy hoofs aroused the keeper of the turnpike-gate ; that, by vivid fast-coming flashes, swept by an iron-gray steed well-known in the village ; flame and smoke puffed from his wide nostrils, and under his thundering tread the earth trembled. A single lurid gleam revealed the stooping form of the young doctor ; his fiery locks streamed far behind him, and his eye-balls were two coals, glowing from bony sockets ; his hot breath scorched the cheek of the astonished man, as the hellish steed rushed by ; the lightning-flash went out in darkness and they were gone, but over rattling thunder and the wild-shrieking tempest came back the feeble cry of an infant on the blast. He heard no more, for he was found at his gate lying insensible, and drenched by the fierce storm ; and as the old doctor felt his pulse next day, his head shook in dread solemnity, and as he drew out his lancet, he groaned audibly, and prayed with unusual fervor to be defended against the assaults and deceits of the adversary.

“ But true it is, that, after that night, no more was seen or heard of the mysterious doctor ; the bereaved father, after the funeral, ordered his carriage, and rolled out of the village alone ; the child, so spirited away, never was heard of again ; and to this day, the old women of the hamlet, gathering close about the hearth-stone, in low whispers and with suspended breath tell that the arch-enemy received this child as his fee for his services, and the old nurse to her dying day declared, that by unhallowed charms he snatched away, too, the soul of the unhappy mother.

“ Now, how much of truth there is in this idle tradition, I cannot say ; or what possible bearing it may have upon my father's history ; but I cannot help believing that these village-tales do carry more of weight and moment than their hearers think ; still, in my father's spirit, I trouble myself but little with these surmises, and I am too happy here, with these dear objects around me, to feel much solicitude about my origin.’

My friend's story made a deep impression upon me, and I sat silent when his voice had ceased ; then, as the dark evening was closing fast upon us, and the October night grew chilly, we removed our chairs into the library, and engaged in various talk till the hour of retiring.

When I had closed the door of my bed-room, I remained long absorbed in thought upon the strange incidents related to me by my

friend, and in curious reverie, I know not by what suggestion, sought to connect his narrative with the chain of revelations made to me by my nurse.

With a sudden start, I was recalled to myself; the last flickering gleam of my candle had gone out; yet I was not in darkness nor alone; for the curtains of the old-fashioned canopy were lightly wafted aside, and there, upon the snowy pillow of my bed, lay such a face—pale and death-like truly—yet, for all the wild gleam of the eye, by the lovely dark tresses that fell in disorder upon the pillow, the beautiful features and the expression that yet lingered there, I recognized the apparition that haunted my own home on the river. By her side lay a lovely baby sleeping; on the parted lips a childish smile was playing, and its soft, round arm was playfully entangled in the mother's dark brown hair. Over her bowed a tall, manly form; the long black locks concealed the features from my view; forgetful of every other object, the man grasped the thin white hand in his, and as the slow gasps grew yet more feeble, the convulsive choking in his own throat became almost audible. One expiring motion, the bloodless lips were pressed upon his cheek; then one long, fearful gasp, and she fell lifeless back. The shape rose erect, still grasping her poor hand, and that face turned full upon me. O my God! what horror was there! what utter desolation! how the furrows of wretched years were ploughed deep into that young brow! How remorse and deathless anguish glowed in the sunken eye! What ghastly pallor was that for a young man's cheek! As I gazed in palsying terror, my grand-father's features grew dim before my eyes; the dead form upon the bed faded softly away, and there, from the midst of fierce flame and dark sulphurous smoke, a bony arm appeared, and its gaunt finger pointed downward. With a scream of horror, I sprang forward, and fell upon the spot it marked.

IX.

THE dusky morning-light found me still lying insensible upon the floor; but when I opened my eyes, there was nothing but my position and the untumbled bed to remind me of what had passed.

As I collected my scattered senses, the recollection of my strange vision flashed upon me, and so impressed was I with it, that I instantly began to tear up the carpet, and soon stripped it down to the spot that I had marked. There was nothing to be found, on the most minute scrutiny, and I was on the point of giving up the search, when a loose joint in the flooring attracted my attention. With much prying, I succeeded in raising a plank, and there, between the floor and the ceiling, I found a lady's work-box. Lifting it from its place of concealment, I brushed the thick dust from the lid, and deciphered upon the silver-plate the name of Helen Hartley. Quietly replacing every thing that could betray my morning's operations, I eagerly broke open the box. But at this moment, the signal for breakfast sounded, and I closed it, putting it safely away, and joined the family at the table.

I surprised my friends by declining their kind invitation to make one

in the excursion of the day, and at the earliest moment returned to my room. Again drawing out the precious box, I raised the cover ; my hand first fell upon a packet of letters ; they bore no outside direction, and were written in a hand I recognized at once, from some old papers in my possession, as being my grand-father's. The first ran thus :

‘HELEN : All day long I have lingered near your father's house, hoping for an opportunity to see you ; to implore from you with my own lips pardon for the wrong I have done you. How could I hope for another interview ? how can I even dare to think that you will look upon this letter ? Yet hear me for one moment. Your friend Miss Murray will bring you these few lines ; at four o'clock this afternoon I shall drive out with her, and will pass the lower end of the grove. Be there, and you shall return with me as my bride. As you value your own name and my life, fail not.

GEORGE.’

I opened a number of others, full of affection, and written as from a husband to his wife. Then came one, scrawled on a dingy slip of paper, as if torn from an old book, and dated some months later than the first. It was as follows :

‘HELEN : I am your driver to the next stopping-place ; I have learned at the last inn, something of your father's destination ; when you arrive, contrive to send for Dr. Jones to attend you. I shall still be near you.

G.’

Carelessly thrown in among the others, was an unfinished note in a lady's hand :

‘DEAR — *dear* GEORGE : How could you run such frightful risks ? How do you dare to meet my father thus ? You will betray yourself ; all your disguises could not conceal you from me, strangely altered as you were. It is too rash ! You do not, cannot know my father ; you would not trust yourself so in his presence if you did. You speak of telling him of our marriage ; you think his dreadful anger would then relent. Never, never, dear George ; though he thinks me *disgraced, lost*, he would sooner, *rather* see me thus, than the wife of a rebel, as he calls you. My heart is full of terror, my husband, when I think of you. Oh ! why did you join this wretched cause ? why will you array yourself in arms against your king ? Think, if you fail — and fail you must — what fearful loss is mine. But I am only making you unhappy ; forgive me, dear George, for the love I bear you. But our marriage ; it cannot be ; I *cannot* acknowledge it to my father ; speak no more of it ; it is dreadful to be thus despised ; to be loathed and hated by the only parent I ever knew ; by the one whose pride I used to be ; but I will *die* thus, be buried thus, and be remembered thus, before I will confess to him my marriage. What reparation would that be to him ? It is your sin that you ever loved his daughter ; and, as surely as he knows that we are wedded, he will drag me across the broad ocean, and under the laws of that country whose allegiance he and I acknowledge, will annul the marriage of his daughter with an attainted man. I cannot speak those words which will sunder us for ever. No, my dear George, we will in

patience and sorrow await the happy return of peace. Oh! but how I shudder at the thought of that peace, and the fate it may bring to you! I know not how it is, from my childhood I have been taught to pray for our good king; yet now your name goes up from my lips to heaven. I wish you safety; I hope there is no sin in that. Oh! may HEAVEN keep you, my precious husband, to return to my arms in happier days. God bless you; don't leave me now, for I am very weak, and I fear much that I shall never look upon the face of my dear babe. My father's stern face never softens toward me; no word of his ever reminds me of the blessed happy old times; there is none left to love me now but you. Oh! be still with me. But no! you risk your precious life; every day your peril increases: no, fly! escape! there yet is time. How foolish, wicked I was, to wish you to remain! It is my father's step! Good-bye! good-bye!

The letter seemed to have been hastily thrown into the box on this alarm. Beside these letters, there was carefully deposited in the bottom of the box a formal certificate of marriage between my grandfather and Miss Helen Hartley, and in addition, an acknowledgment of the same fact, in his own bold hand, and signed in full by himself. As I opened it, a paper carefully folded, dropped out, and it proved to be an acknowledgment, in the same writing, that the infant born as therein stated, known and to be christened under the name of Charles Russell, was the child, born in lawful wedlock, of George and Helen H. Hoffman.

These papers seemed to have been deposited in their place of concealment, awaiting the return of quiet times, when the disclosure could be safely made. The father, anticipating his possible fate in case of an unfavorable termination of the war, had intrusted to his wife these documents, through which she could, at the proper time, clear her own name of dishonor, and establish the legitimacy of her child.

After Colonel Hartley's death, my ancestor could have laid claim to broad lands in England, by proving his alliance with his only child. But while she lived her strict injunction was upon him; while she slept far away in the quiet country church-yard, the withering breath of scandal harmed her not; and neither for himself, nor for his son, did my ancestor desire great estates and a proud position bought with such precious blood. So he cared not to seek enjoyment beyond his own fortune and the happy circle that had now formed around him; and while he still watched in secret over his unacknowledged son, and afforded him opportunities, as his influence gave him the power, to obtain distinction, and to reach an honorable place in life, he coveted not for him the power and wealth his own efforts could not obtain. For himself, he wished not to disturb the peace of his wife and family with the spectacle of his sufferings, and he carried in his bosom the dread secret that tormented him, down to the dark house of death.

Such seemed to be my grand-father's motives, as I sat dreaming over the heap of papers that lay before me. Taking one or two, which I carefully placed in my pocket, the others I returned to the box, and locked them in my trunk.

It was late when my friend returned from his expedition. He had

thrown himself upon the sofa in his library, and was recovering in some measure from his fatigue. Entering the room, as he lay there with closed eyes, I gazed upon his features with strange emotions. Seizing his passive hand, 'Welcome, cousin Charles!' I exclaimed; 'come, rouse yourself enough to read this precious bit of scribbling.' With an indifferent air he took the marriage-certificate, glanced carelessly over it, then handed it back with a languid query as to its meaning. 'Will you read *this*?' and I handed him the certificate of his father's birth. His eye had scarcely fallen upon it, when he sprang upright; he forgot his lassitude; his hand grasped mine with nervous force. 'What does this mean? For God's sake, Hoffman, don't mock me; is this real?' His voice was husky, his hand swept wildly over his brow, the philosopher was overcome, and he sank back upon the sofa. I took my seat beside him; I told him that it was all true; that his father, the unknown discarded child, the adventurer, had in his veins prouder blood than I could boast for mine; that from the same ancestor as myself he could trace his own lineage, without stain upon his father's birth. I told him how a good PROVIDENCE had put it in my power to repair the deep wrong done by my ancestor to his child; that there were yet other papers in my possession which should now be his; and, bringing them, I left him alone, absorbed in their perusal.

In a few days my happy visit was ended, and I returned to my city-home: some months have passed since then.

When last I heard from Russell, he was in England. A notice had accidentally met his eye, of the decease of the last member of the family which inherited the Hartley estates. He writes that, by the best lawyers in Britain, the evidence he brings is regarded as incontrovertible; and that, in all probability, his claim will be allowed to the name of Hoffman, and the estates of the Hartley family.

His good fortune he bears with his accustomed philosophy; and, indeed, I more than doubt whether he would not joyfully hail the rival heir who should rid him of the burden of that high position he will so well sustain before the world.

A few cards are scattered on the table where I write, and my wife is busily directing a huge heap of envelopes at her stand in the corner. The cards run thus:

Capt. George Russell, A.S.A.

Miss Mary Hoffman.

AT ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN.

MORTAL!—sneer not at the DEVIL,
Soon thy little life is o'er;
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal!—pay the debts thou owest,
Long 't will be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Annotated by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Editor of 'SHELL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'The Noctes Ambrosiæ,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 757. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Number 34, Beekman-street. Second Notice.

MAGINN was a scholar, a sage, a poet, a wit, (somewhat RABELESIAN,) a critic, a socialist, (in the best sense of the term,) whose nature craved and who apparently enjoyed to the full the convivial nectar and ambrosia of intercourse among congenial friends. In short, he was a combination rarely to be met; one whose true character might not probably be discerned by the superficial and shallow reader of these collected papers of his, which may appear to him from a hurried glance so vain, trifling, and evanescent. Nevertheless we are inclined to peruse them differently, and with sufficient appreciation to find out the good sense, the philosophy, and satire which gleam on their surface as we are borne pleasantly through them, like the coruscating waves of the sea. Had they not smacked of these qualities and been instinct with real merit, they would not so long have met a cordial welcome from *Maga* at a time when glorious Christopher presided at the festive board. That they have lost something of their former zest is true. If they derived any thing from peculiar adaptations, the effect is of course diminished; moreover, we are in a measure indisposed to turn back to the good things of this nature which made a hit in their day; for they invariably borrow some hue from occasions or circumstances for which we now care not; they lack the interest and sympathy which arise from their being the common talk. We must have new facetiæ, new essays, new settings of thought adapted to the current whim, although they may not be half so good as the old. The most popular papers are thus quietly disposed on the shelves for the mere sake of possession or occasional reference, after they have once served their turn, and meet no more the eager eye and cordial welcome which they once enjoyed. They can not be so well served up anew. Those who supply the ephemeral press labor under this necessity, that they are incorporated in a tide which, however lively and dimpling it may be as it passes, is inevitably setting toward the gulf of oblivion. They know it, and do not pretend to write for eternity. The present has some claim to be served, while those who write for eternity have to wait to all eternity before

their merits are found out. Moreover, we think that papers of this kind do not appeal to us on the score of merit quite so plausibly in their collected form. They are too light and buoyant to be amassed. The book finds us in a mood to criticise, but we snatch the magazine or newspaper with a desire to be pleased.

Nevertheless, the editor has done an acceptable work in bringing together, with much industry and research, and we believe for the first time, the scattered memorials of the renowned ODOHERTY. The author probably never contemplated such a thing, but while many who have done 'nothing to speak of,' treasure up scrupulously every scrap and fragment of their own, of which they are the rigid custodiers, he with the carelessness and prodigality which are common to true merit, ushered his thoughts before the world; and when they had once gone forth, gave himself no more concern about them. We are inclined therefore to go into a somewhat farther examination of these papers, considering that we shall thereby do a good service, because, while they are too recent to have passed away from the recollection of those who have read BLACKWOOD, there are many readers of this generation and on this side of the water unacquainted with the name or genius of the late Dr. MAGINN. He had the learning and ability to have done far more for himself than will be conceded to him by the present collection; but as mere literary ambition was not his object, we only judge him from what we have received at his hands. Those who gathered with him at the social board are now the sole possessors of the *optima spolia*, the very best treasures no doubt of his varied and versatile acquirements. But alas! how few of them remain! Afflicted and broken-hearted, having at least fallen upon the evil days when the 'grasshopper' became 'a burden' and 'desire failed,' the genial-hearted, generous, noble WILSON passed away, and the blood which leaped from the warm heart of SCOTT is dried in all its channels, and who is left to breathe with kindred zest the mountain air, or dash aside with such a cheerful step the dews upon the Scottish heather?

First, we will introduce the Doctor as a classic, for there is enough scholarship, good, sound, ripe, and mellow, in these collections to retrieve them at all events. His paper entitled '*Pandemus Polyglott*' opens with these true remarks, which will commend themselves to the common-sense of all whom they concern:

'It has been well observed by some body that any man could make an interesting book, if he would only give, honestly and without reserve, an account of such things as he himself had seen and heard; but if a man should add to this a candid history of his remarkable friends and acquaintance, how infinitely would he enhance the interest of his own. Some folks call this method of biography prosy. HEAVEN help their unphilosophical short-sightedness! Wherein consists the charm of BENVENUTO CELLINI's account of himself, which no body can deny to be the *ne plus ultra* of all conceivable auto-biographies? Why, it clearly arises from these two sources: first, from his not scrupling to give a straightforward narrative of every shadow of an adventure he lighted on; and secondly, from the number of persons he introduces his reader to, from the magnificent FRANCIS to the unhappy engraver (I think) whom he dispatched in so judicious a manner by that memorable thrust of his dagger into the back of the poor man's neck, whereby he so scientifically separated the vertebra, and interrupted the succession of the spinal marrow to the immediate attainment of his laudable object to wit, the release of his fellow-sinner from his worldly sorrows.'

Acting up to this useful suggestion, he proceeds to make us acquainted with his remarkable friend, 'PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT, LL.D., Sugd. Bat. Olim. Soc.,' etc., 'a living character, as fine a specimen of an octogenarian as may be met with in a June day's march, yet he has not done winning to himself those bright scholarly honors which so safely insure to their possessors an enviable obscurity with reference to the generality of people.' 'POLYGLOTT' will insist that there is nothing modern of any value which has not been stolen bodily from the ancients.

'I read him from the Anti-Jacobin, CANNING's Knife-Grinder.'

'The varlet!' cried the Doctor, 'reach me volume seventeen of the MSS.'

By the bye, these masterly sapphics of CANNING are the best adaptation of incorrigible English to a use from which its genius is averse, to a classic metre, that has yet been accomplished in our tongue. It is a perfect triumph of ingenuity, to say nothing of the cutting sarcasm which it involves. To show the dexterous facility with which it is given back again to the ancients, we append a few verses of the original, with the Latin sapphics. We should prefer to quote the Greek, which are more curious, but to prevent mistakes, will be contented with the Roman :

'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.'

'FRIEND OF HUMANITY.'

'NEEDY knife-grinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road, thy wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast, your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have you breeches.

'Weary knife-grinder! little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind, O.'

'Have you not read 'the Rights of Man,' by TOM PAINE?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.'

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'Hinc ita quonam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque;
Flat notus, rimis petasus laborat,
Triaque bracca.

'O faber languens, patet hand superbis,
Appia ut rhed rhedis habet o tiantes,
Quid sit ad cotem vocitare cultros,
Fissaque ferra.

'Nonne nosti 'Jura Hominum' PAINT?
Ecce! palpebris lacrymæ tremiscunt,
Inde casuræ simul explicaris
Tristia fata.'

'KNIFE-GRINDER.'

'Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night, a drinking at the chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

'Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice OLDMIXON put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

'I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.'

'FABER.

'Fata Dii Magni! nihil est quod edam,
Ni quod hesterna ut biberem in popina
Nocte lis orta! heu! periire braccia
Atque galerus.

'Pacis occurrunt mihi tum ministri,
Meque Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam;
Prætor erroris properat numella
Figere plantas.

'Iamque gaudebo tibi si propinem
Poculum, tete mihi dante nummum;
Me tamen stringo, neque pro virili,
Publica curo.'

'FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

'I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!'

'PHILANTHROPUS.

'An tibi nummun? potius ruinam;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excors.'

Very toothsome is the Latin translation of JUDY CALLAGHAN, of which the editor (whose knowledge and research is most praiseworthy and remarkable in all which concerns contemporary men or things) remarks that after having vainly sent to England for a copy, he at last found it in an old number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*.' Here is the chorus, for which we must find room:

'ONLY SAY
You'll be MRS. BRALLAGHAN;
Do n't say nay,
Charming JUDY CALLAGHAN.'

'SEMEL tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis JULIA CALAGE!'

Here, too, we find our old friend and favorite, 'Back and side go bare, go bare,' done into Latin in the identical, peculiar, particular metre of the original, which we learn for the first time, in a note by the indefatigable editor, was written by JOHN STILL, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who flourished in the reign of ELIZABETH, and died in 1607. The chant was sung by ODOHERTY at the *Noctes*:

'No frost, nor snow, nor wind, nor trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde;
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of jolly good ale and olde.'

'ME gelu, nix, vel ventus vix,
Afflicrent injuria;
Hæc sperno, ni adesset mi
Zythi veteris penuria.'

We notice a free-and-easy translation into English of the Seventh Ode of HORACE, third book. *Asteriem consolatur de Gygis absentia, et ad fidem hortatur.* *Anglicè: To Mrs. Kitty Flanagan, comforts her on the absence of her husband, Jerry Flanagan, mate of the Jolly Jupiter, and drops a hint about a light dragoon:*

'QUID FLES ASTERIE, ETC.

Anglicè.

'WHY do you cry, my sweet Mrs. FLANAGAN,
When you will soon have your own dear man again?'

Also, among other classical wealth, the reader will find a very telling translation (free-and-easy) of the First Ode of HORACE, addressed to CHRISTOPHER NORTH:

'MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum.'

'HAIL, CHRISTOPHER! my patron dear,
Descended from your grand-father;
To thee, my bosom-friend, I fly,
Brass buckler of ODOHERT!'

See likewise an ingenuity on page sixty-five of second volume: 'Ulaloo! or LUCTUS on the death of DONELLY,' written in Latin and Greek hexameters and pentameters. So much for ODOHERTY the scholar; and the fame of ODOHERTY the poet will be sufficiently established by one or two little gems selected from many others scattered through the two volumes as thickly as daisies in a meadow:

'HOW TO WOO.

'WOULD you woo a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a love-sonnet and charm her ears;
Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Phrase her and praise her, fair or brown;
Soothe her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her;
Ah! touch but her fancy, and all's your own.'

Here is an Anacreontic, sung at the *Noctes*, and written in what we shall christen *Delightful Metre*:

'DRINK AWAY.

'COME, draw me six maguums of claret,
Do n't spare it,
But share it in bumpers around;
And take care that in each shining brimmer
No glimmer
Of skimmering day-light be found.

Fill away! fill away! fill away!
 Fill bumpers to those that you love;
 For we will be happy to-day,
 As the gods are when drinking above.
 Drink away! drink away!

'Give way to each thought of your fancies
 That dances,
 Or glances, or looks of the fair;
 And beware that from fears of to-morrow
 You borrow
 No sorrow nor fore-taste of care.
 Drink away! drink away! drink away!
 To the honor of those you adore;
 Come charge and drink fairly to-day,
 Though you swear you will never drink more.

'I last night, *cut*, and quite melancholy,
 Cried folly!
 What's POLLY to reel for her fame?
 Yet I'll banish such hint till the morning,
 And, scorning
 Such warning, to-night do the same.
 Drink away! drink away! drink away!
 'T will banish blue-devils and pain,
 And to-night for my joys if I pay,
 Why to-morrow I'll do it again.'

The versatility of MAGINN was astonishing. Every form of composition, whether in prose or verse, tales, essays, criticism, odes, ballads, and rollicking Irish melodies he threw off with apparently no labor, as if from an inexhaustible fund, the whole of them informed with an irrepressible spirit of hilarity. The character of ODOHERTY is maintained throughout these varied and multitudinous contributions as scrupulously as if he figured in the pages of a novel, and what he was, gay, rampant, jovial, and somewhat irresponsible, fond of a good song and a good supper, we should know equally well, even if the author had not favored us with a bit of his biography, informing us of his first adventure in the Dublin watch-house, of the Ensign's connection with, and leave of absence from, the Ninety-ninth, or King's Own Tipperary Regiment, and also of his unfortunate alliance with Mrs. MAC WHIRTER, the widow. In the maxims of ODOHERTY we have the very spice and cinnamon of his great wisdom. They are minute on matters which concern the common weal, and seem to have been written with a keen presage of the wants of the present day. One treats of rum, another of arrack, another of shrub, another of rack punch, another of claret, another of Johannisberg, and the remainder of liquors in general and particular, and affiliated subjects, as, for instance, how they ought to be mixed, in what proportion, whether water ought to be put in before whiskey, or whiskey before water, how to squeeze in the lemon, and what particular suppers are suitable for the wines you have used. 'When you have been drinking cold wine or cold punch,' says he, 'your supper ought to be a devil, or at least something of the devil character.' 'Had VOLTAIRE, ROBESPIERRE, BONAPARTE, TALLEYRAND,' he remarks, 'been all a set of jolly, boozing lads, what a mass of sin and horror, of blasphemy, uproar, blood-thirsty revolution, wars, battles, sieges, butcherings, etc., in France, Germany, Egypt, Spain, Sicily, North-

America, Portugal, etc., had been said within the last twenty or thirty years!' And so he goes on to talk; *in* the midst of his grog slips in like lemon-peel some of the slickest bit of sarcasm and appreciation of earthly things that 'ever was in the world; *pare* We give one of these maxims, the seventy-sixth, which is on the subject of grog, (by the way, it is a little singular that the number should be seventy-six,) and may be interesting to those who love grog, whose name, we are sure, is legion. He is certainly the best Christian who loves his enemy, and ODOHERTY seems to think that no man who has any heart or bowels despises choice wine, *alias et lunaticé*, RUM!

'MAXIM SEVENTY-SIXTH.

'Grog should never be stirred with a spoon, but immediately drunk as soon as the rum has been poured in. Rum-punch is apt to be heavy on the stomach, and, unless very old, has not peculiar merit as a dram. The American pine-apple rum is fine drinking, and I wonder it is not introduced into this country. In my last maxims I omitted to panegyricize the peach-brandy of our trans-Atlantic brethren, an omission which I beg leave here to correct.'

All those who have entered into a state of *civilization* will appreciate the above. And while we are about it, we think we will just be adding one other maxim, which is:

'MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH.

'It is to be remarked, though I by no means pledge myself to the dead certainty of the fact, that a most particular diversity of taste exists in the several *rums*. Antigua has a peculiar smack and relish, by which it is to be known from Jamaica at the first gulp. Yet it is very possible, *experto crede*, to ham even a connoisseur by giving him good whiskey — free from the empyreumatic taste which is frequently observable on several even of licensed whiskeys, and *always* on *potheen* — mixed subdolosely with burnt brown-sugar. It is a great imitation.'

Speaking of rum, however, we think that in one thing ODOHERTY is mistaken, and that there is not so great a diversity of taste with respect to the rums, although there is a great diversity of opinions; but the other day, being in Portland, in the State of Maine, where the inhabitants have got the most immense quantity of rum, laid up by the cistern-full — This, however, is leading us from the point.

We shall conclude our *extracts* from this interesting work by quoting a duplicate letter, which will be found on page one hundred and twenty-three of the second volume, which is a most capital commentary on the kind of sincerity now extant in this model age. It is well done for ODOHERTY. Here it is:

'MY DEAR LADY D —:

'With feelings of the most inexpressibly affectionate interest, I take up my pen to congratulate you on the marriage of your lovely and accomplished ALETHEA.

'YOU TIRESOME OLD TOAD:

'You've manœuvred off one of your gawky fights at last, and I must say something on the occasion.

'To you, who know every thought of my heart, it is almost unnecessary to say that, next to the maternal tenderness with which I watch over my own girls, I feel the most anxious solicitude in every thing that relates to your charming family.

'How the deuce did you contrive to hook in that noodle of a lord, when I have been spreading my nets ever since he came of age, to catch him for my eldest girl?

'That sweet love, ALETHEA, has always you know, been my peculiar favorite, and tears of the sweetest exultation swell into my eyes when I think of the brilliant establishment which you have secured for her.

'Our long friendship, my beloved friend, and my maternal affection for the dear creature are pleas which I shall urge in claiming the delightful office of presenting her at the next drawing-room.

'Soon, very soon, my dearest friend, may I have to congratulate you on some equally advantageous establishment for your sweet, delicate ANNA MARIA.

'I earnestly hope that foolish story about Lord V——'s keeping a lady at Paris, and having lost twenty thousand pounds at the Salon at one sitting will not reach the ear of our sweet sensitive girl! But people are so malicious!

'Where are your two lovely boys? Dear fellows! We have not seen them since they left Eton, and you know I delight in their charming spirits.

'Etc., etc., etc.

'And remain ever, with the most inviolable attachment,

'My dearest Lady D——'s most sincere-
ly affectionate friend, M. G.'

'That pert minx, ALETHEA, has always been my particular aversion, and I am ready to cry with spite at the idea of her becoming a countess.

'As you can't hobble to court on your crutches, I shall be expected to present her *ladyship*, and I *must* do it, though I know I shall expire with vexation at the sight of the V—— diamonds in her odious red hair.

'One comfort is, you'll never be able to get off that little hump-backed thing, ANNA MARIA, and you know well enough there is no hope of it, and so hate to be talked to about her.

'You won't care much about it, even if it was true, but I can think of *nothing* else to plague the old cat. I'll take care the young one shall know it some how.

'I'd as lieve have a couple of wild-cats let loose into the drawing-room as let in those two riotous cubs. But I've nine girls to bring out yet, and the young D——s will be tolerably good catches, though only honorable.

'Fudge! fudge! fudge! fudge!

'I think I've given you enough for one dose, though I'm afraid you're up to me. I hate you cordially, *that's certain*.

M. G.'

In conclusion, we have one observation in defence of our author's scholarship, which ought to have been made at the out-start. In the opening pages of the biography he remarks of ODOHERTY in the Dublin watch-house: 'He was seated on a wooden stool before a table garnished with a great number of empty pots of porter.' And BLACKWOOD takes it upon himself (very impertinently, we think) to remark in a note: 'We beg leave to hint to our Irish correspondent, that if the *pots* were empty, they could scarcely be termed *pots of porter*.' And herewith *we* beg to join issue with BLACKWOOD. First, because the expression is sanctioned by common usage, both Irish and otherwise, and is entirely according to HORNE TOOKE. How the deuce are you going to express it otherwise without circumlocution?

Second: It only requires an inversion of words, which will be entirely consonant with grammatical government, and empty pots of porter signifies *pots empty of porter*.

Third: A pot of porter may mean a pot which is used for porter, in other words, a *porter-pot*, and therefore an empty pot of porter means nothing more than an empty porter-pot. Verily we do admit that porter-pot is not a common term, the same as tea-pot; and that the phrase, 'a pot of tea,' would not be applied to an empty tea-pot; yet the difference lies here, that the genius of our language admits of pot of tea and tea-pot according to the precise fact of the case, while it acknowledges no such expression as a por-

ter-pot. Therefore are we driven to a rhetorical figure which has no name, but whose apparent contradiction only makes it the more striking. Have we not assaulted this petty Sebastopol? What say you to our canons of criticism? If the hero were alive, would he not exclaim, 'Thank you, my friend; consider your hand shaken.' But he is dead. Peace to his ashes! And herewith we take our leave of ENSIGN ODOHERTY, late of the Ninety-ninth, or King's Own Tipperary Regiment.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes: pp. 1277. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Do you remember, reader, the review given in the pages of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' by that profound and accurate observer and clear-headed critic, the editor of that journal, Mr. WAGSTAFF—the review, we mean, of Sir WALTER SCOTT BART'S '*Life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*'? It was a model criticism in its kind; and one passage thereof was to the following purport: 'Mr. BART has done a good service to the cause of letters by these vollums, which have now been published some years. It does us good to review the work. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of talents, which subsequent events prove. We think he will yet find his level, and posterity may live to thank us for what we have here said. We have one bone to pick with him, however, which we should have done had we met him among the Simplons or the Twilleries. He hadn't ought, on the score of congenial affection, for to have divorced his wife, if she *was* a colored woman; and if we had a-met her before he done the deed, we would have said to her: 'JOSEPHINE, stand to your woman's rights!' While we're about it, we may as well say we got another bone to pick with Mr. BART. He don't do justice to that poor creetur shut up onto Saintelena, where Mr. CIPRIANA couldn't get fire-wood to warm him, nor any good ile to put into his lamp, nor mutton which was wuth a cuss, nor half water enough for his bath nor half wine enough for his water; and what wine he had was made of sour grapes and sugar-of-lead, giving the poor captyve a stomach-ache every day; and yet BART wants to make out that the overseer gin the old hero a good deal more than he deserved. But Mr. BART is an Englishman, and an Englishman is a hectoring bully, wherever you find him; and he is n't any thing else.'

Mr. ABBOTT is quite of the same opinion with Mr. WAGSTAFF, in relation to the treatment which NAPOLEON received at the hands of the English people. In his preface, which is extremely well-written and candid, and outspoken to the last degree, he avows his deep admiration for the subject of his history, and asks only that his *facts*, which he claims to be authentic, shall claim only the consideration to which they are fairly entitled. In justice to Mr. ABBOTT, who has certainly been belabored without stint in various quarters for the alleged too partial picture which he has drawn of the 'Great

Captain,' it must be conceded that he evinces a good deal of magnanimity and forbearance in his treatment of his assailants.

'The world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of NAPOLEON. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne; they have denounced him a tyrant inexorable as Nero, while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects; he is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defence and imploring peace; it is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes; he is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder, and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervor of love which earth has never seen paralleled; it is recorded that France at last became weary of him and drove him from the throne, and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented, that without the shedding of one drop of blood he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne; it is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him, and yet it is at the same time recorded that this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. Such is NAPOLEON as described by his enemies.

The judgment which the reader will form of the Emperor will depend upon the answer he gives to the three following questions:

1. Did NAPOLEON *usurp* the sovereignty of France?
2. Having attained the supreme power, was he a tyrant, devoting that power to the promotion of his own selfish aggrandizement?
3. Were the wars in which he was incessantly engaged provoked by his arrogance?

These are the questions to be settled; and documentary evidence is so strong upon these points, that even the blindest prejudice must struggle with desperation to resist the truth. The reason is obvious why the character of NAPOLEON should have been maligned. He was regarded justly as the foe of *aristocratic privilege*. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the accomplishment of this end, it became necessary to prove to the world, and especially to the British people, who were tottering beneath the burden of taxes which these wars engendered, that NAPOLEON was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed. All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim; and even in France, the reinstated BOURBONS, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favor of the monarch of the people, and rewarded with smiles, and opulence, and honor all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of the possibility of reply. The writer surely does not expect that he can thus speak in behalf of the Emperor and not draw upon himself the most vehement assaults. Claiming the privilege of expressing his own views freely, he cheerfully grants that privilege to others. It is even pleasant to share the reproach of one who is unjustly assailed.

It would, indeed, be a bitter disappointment to the author of this work should it not prove to be a powerful advocate of the cause of peace. It is impossible to frame a more impressive argument against the folly of war than the details of the crimes and woes of these awful wars waged by the Allies against the independence of France. All who engaged in them alike suffered. Multitudes which cannot be numbered perished in every form of mutilation and agony upon the field of battle. From millions of homes a wail of anguish was extorted from the hearts of widows and orphans louder than the thunders of Marengo or of Waterloo. All Europe was impoverished. Brutal armies swept, like demons of destruction, over meadows and hill-sides, trampling the harvest of the husbandman, burning villages, bombarding cities, and throwing shot and shells into thronged streets, into galleries of art, and into nurseries where mothers, and maidens, and infants covered in an agony of terror.

War is the science of destruction. Millions were absolutely beggared. Every nation was, in turn, humiliated and weakened. England, the soul of this conflict, the unrelenting inciter of these wars, protected by her navy and by her insular position,

succeeded, by the aid of enormous bribes, in inducing other nations to attack France in the rear, and thus to draw the armies of the Emperor from the shores of Britain. Thus the hour of her punishment was postponed. But the day of retribution is at hand. England now groans beneath the burden of four thousand million dollars of debt. This weighs upon her children with a crushing pressure which is daily becoming more insupportable.

The plan of this book is very simple. It is a plain narrative of what NAPOLEON did, with the explanations which he gave of his conduct, and with the record of such well-authenticated anecdotes and remarkable sayings as illustrate his character. The writer believes that every incident here recorded, and every remark attributed to NAPOLEON, are well authenticated. He is not aware of any well-established incident or remark which would cast a different shade upon his character that has been omitted. The historian is peculiarly liable to the charge of plagiarism. He can only record facts and describe scenes which he gleans from public documents and from the descriptions of others. There is no fact, incident, or conversation narrated in these pages which may not be found elsewhere; and it is impossible to narrate events already penned by the ablest writers, and to avoid all similarity of expression.

These volumes are *very* profusely illustrated with good engravings, including two excellent portraits of the earlier and later BONAPARTE.

PEG WOFFINGTON: a Novel. By CHAS. READ, Author of 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.' 18mo: pp. 303. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELD. 1855.

WE have here a very readable book in which are combined harmoniously the apparent opposites of sparkling wit and humor, and soul-moving, tear-forcing pathos. We have antithetically set before us the corroding cares of an unsuccessful theatrical career, and the brilliant though evanescent triumphs of a favorite of fortune in the same race. PEG WOFFINGTON is a remarkable character, developing traits worthy of all admiration. In the course of the work the author introduces his readers to a peep behind the scenes in the good old days of COLLEY CIBBER, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, etc., etc. PEG WOFFINGTON has no preface, for which we devoutly thank its author. It needs none; it tells its own story graphically and with infinite unction.

Here is a description of one of the accessories to the plot. 'The man was TRIPLET, scene-painter, actor, and writer of sanguinary plays, in which what ought to be, namely, truth, plot, situation, and dialogue, were not; and what ought not to be, were, to wit: small talk, big talk, fops, ruffians, and ghosts. His three mediocrities fell so short of one talent, that he was sometimes in want of food.' Our author is too fond of using foreign words and quotations. We think our mother-tongue sufficient for all common purposes of expression, and hate to see an English work interlarded with Latin words and French quotations. There is much sly humor in the following recipe for writing well.

'First, think in as homely a way as you can, shove your pen under the thought and lift it up by polly-syllables to the tune of fiction: (when done, find a publisher, if you can.) This,' said TRIPLET, 'insures common-sense to your ideas, which does pretty well for a basis, and elegance to the dress they wear.' Then casting his eyes round in search of such actual circumstances as could be incorporated on this plan with fiction, TRIPLET began to work thus:

'HIS FACTS.

'A farthing-dip is on the table.

'It wants snuffing.

'He jumped up, snuffed it with his fingers; burned his fingers and swore a little.'

'HIS FICTIONS.

'A solitary candle cast its pale gleams around.

'Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion.

'He arose languidly, and trimmed it with an instrument he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation.'

Although the main incidents of the work are connected with the stage, and incidental to one of its brightest (though sad to say *frail*) ornaments, yet the tone is highly moral. PEG WOFFINGTON is from the establishment of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, and is well got up. In these dog-days our readers will find in it pleasant excitement for an otherwise wearisome hour.

THE DIAMOND CROSS AND OTHER TALES. By CLARA MORTON. In one volume. Philadelphia: WILLIS P. HAZZARD, Chestnut-street. 1855.

WE hail this first-born of one of our most gifted junior female authors with great pleasure. It opens with a highly interesting original story, the 'Diamond Cross,' and contains many beautiful selections, in prose and in poetry, from her versatile pen, some of which have won the highest premium in our leading journals and periodicals.

It is a mooted question whether books should be multiplied *ad infinitum*, by the republication of tales which have already appeared in the newspapers of the day; and the question is fairly entitled to consideration. But such an objection does not lie against the writings of CLARA MORTON. They are not simply the emanations of a speculative and oftentimes sickly imagination, replete with the isms and idiosyncrasies of the author; but they are graphic and truthful pictures, drawn from life, with a quick and observant eye and a discriminating judgment. They hold a mirror up to nature which reflects the virtues and the vices, the beauties and the defects of humanity, not only as they now exist, but as they will continue to exist until the tone of society shall become pure and healthful. They inculcate valuable lessons of warning and wisdom, squared by that inner light which teaches that whatever principle is morally true and beautiful is imperishable. 'The Diamond Cross' abounds in well-drawn characters: the spoiled child, 'CARRIE MORTON,' is a type of a large class of would-be belles; the unfeeling JANE HARDY, hardened in heart by too close contact with poverty, and yet not devoid of the sentiment of gratitude, or insensible to kindness; the good Mrs. EATON, who so freely resigned all pretensions to the noble-hearted MARK HOUSTON, in favor of her daughter.

We have every reason to believe that CLARA MORTON knows her own sex, and therefore accept this instance of self-abnegation as true to nature; but we very much doubt whether any one of the sterner sex could be found who would have treated a son so generously. This much we will ad-

mit, that if any daughter ever did deserve such a sacrifice it was MARY EATON, a specimen of whose angelic nature may be seen in Chapter Fifth, which we had marked for insertion here.

There is no more unmistakable evidence of genius in an author than the ability to describe the various passions of the human heart with such fidelity as to fasten the conviction upon the reader that they were written *con amore*.

'The story of the BECKERTONS alone should give the book a great run. It introduces Mr. and Mrs. BECKERTON to the reader with one of those refreshing *tête-à-têtes* between husband and wife, half in jest, but the biggest half in earnest, in which our author shows, with admirable skill, how futile it is for man to resist the various batteries of love and pumpkin-pies, which the weaker sex know so well how to level at his refractory humors.

'MR. AND MRS. BECKERTON lived in a snug house in Vine-street.

'A very snug house. A three-story brick, twenty-one feet front, with a fine yard in the rear, where their younger children delighted to romp and play throughout the live-long summer mornings.

'But Mrs. BECKERTON was not satisfied. The house had no back-buildings, the kitchen was so dark and dismal, there were no modern conveniences, and last, but not least, the street was by no means a fashionable one.

'Unfortunately, her husband was perfectly satisfied with their present location; and his wife was at a loss what course to pursue to weaken his attachment to the house, and thereby lessen the opposition that she was sure of meeting whenever she should broach the subject of removal.

'She waited in vain for an opportunity, and finally, in sheer desperation, she announced her determination of a change to her husband in the following manner:

'Mr. BECKERTON, I am tired and sick of house-keeping in this old barrack of a house. It's enough to wear one out to keep this old wood decent. I've made up my mind to go to boarding.'

'Mr. BECKERTON looked up from his paper with a stare of amazement, but he said nothing. His wife continued:

'Here's our dining-room way down in the front basement, and not another place in the house for a sitting-room; and if you happen to think of any thing you want, up you have to go two pair of stairs, and then down again. I declare to gracious, my back's almost broken.'

'I think if it had been going to break, it would have broken before this,' answered Mr. BECKERTON, dryly.

'That is the way with you men, you have no sympathy. A woman may slave herself to death in your service, and it's all the same to you; before the grass is green upon her grave you are married again, and that's the way the world goes.'

'I wonder that it should be so easy to get wives, if they are so abused and unappreciated,' answered Mr. BECKERTON, in the same dry tone.

'Well, I'm sure I do n't want to quarrel this morning, but I do want to enjoy life a little, and that's what the mistress of this house will never be able to do. I suppose I ought not to expect it. I suppose I ought to be content, now that I have raised a large family. The oldest are capable of taking care of the youngest, if I should be taken away; and so I suppose I should n't be missed any. But it does seem hard, it does indeed. There's the MAXWELLS, and the PEMBERTONS, and the PRICES, all of them used to live in this same row, and now one of them has a house in Spruce-street, and the other two live elegantly out Walnut-street. I am sure we are as able as they to have things handy and convenient.'

'Why do n't you be honest, RACHEL, and speak your mind out at once? You know, in your dictionary, 'handy' and 'convenient' mean *stylish* and *fashionable*.'

'Now, Mr. BECKERTON! I have n't the least wish to be fashionable. That's the way you are always doing me injustice. I would n't have nothing to do with fashionable people; no, I guess I would n't; I despise them.'

'RACHEL, did you ever read *Æsop's fables*?'

'No, my dear; what made you think of that?'

'Oh! never mind; I'll buy you a copy one of these days, to remember me by when I'm dead and gone, and ain't missed any, and you are looking out for another husband, and —'

'Mr. BECKERTON, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to have more

respect for my feelings than to talk in this way. Another husband, indeed! I've had enough of one, I reckon; I should n't want another in a hurry.'

'I sincerely hope, RACHEL, you will not soon have an opportunity of testing the truth of what you say. I am not anxious to resign my claim upon you to another, although I have heard it pretty broadly insinuated that I was hen-pecked.'

'Hen-pecked! Well, I never! Mr. BECKERTON, you are the most aggravating person that I ever heard talk. Hen-pecked! Well, if that does n't beat all, when every body knows that you have your will and way about every earthly thing. But I will have my way once; I've a good right to it; and now I say, in plain terms, I am not going to live in this house any longer.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said Mr. BECKERTON, as he arose, and quietly lit his segar with a taper, 'very sorry to hear that, (puff;) I hope you will come and see me once in a while, (puff;) I shall miss you, that's a fact, (puff;) I shall have quiet times; terribly dull, I'm afraid.'

'The segar was now fairly lighted, and, without waiting for an answer, he took his departure.

'His wife sat down and cried, and she felt better after it.

'She was not discouraged; oh! no, not she. She had examples in the past of what her perseverance had accomplished, to reassure her.

'There was a house up Arch-street to let; not exactly the street she would have chosen, but she considered it a beautiful medium between the one she lived in and the more fashionable part of the city. She had seen the house only the day before, and she had made up her mind to have it.

'Mr. BECKERTON did not come home to dinner that day. He was afraid of a scene; not but that he felt able to sustain his part, but, being naturally of a quiet disposition, and remembering that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' he preferred avoiding danger to rushing into it.

'At supper-time, he found the tea-table temptingly arrayed with his favorite dishes. He was delighted at finding his wife in such a good humor. Poor man! although recalling so distinctly in the morning the fable of 'the fox and the grapes,' the equally instructive one of 'the spider and the fly' entirely escaped his memory.

'The preserves were sweet, but Mrs. BECKERTON's honeyed speeches were sweeter. The broiled steak was done to a turn, so was Mr. BECKERTON's heart *done for* before the evening was over. The coffee escaped rich and odorous from the steaming urn; so did his tender words from the depths of his gently agitated affections. The hot cakes were luscious; so were the fond kisses from Mrs. BECKERTON's ripe lips, as, supper over, she drew out the large rocking-chair, and after helping her liege-lord (?) on with his double gown and slippers, she sat upon one knee, and made herself as agreeable as all married ladies can to their husbands when they choose.

'The next day the house in Arch-street was rented.'

We have already exhausted our limits, or we should give our readers one more extract from the BECKERTONS, which does infinite credit both to the head and the heart of our author.

COZZENS' WINE-PRESS. First Volume complete. 'Old Wood to Burn, Old Wine to Drink, Old Books to Read, and Old Friends to Converse with:' pp. 96. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Number Eighty-five Chambers-street.

THIS is a modest and very handsome little paper, mainly designed, as we infer, to keep the public aware of the best wines, liquors, liqueurs, sauces, and condiments to be found in the metropolis, but in reality also a most entertaining and instructive journal, surpassing many another sheet of more ambitious literary and artistic pretensions. Valuable information upon common things, happily conveyed, is one of its prominent characteristics: in proof of which we take the liberty of subjoining a conversation held by the EDITOR with the venerable Dr. BUSHWHACKER, a gentleman whom we have

the pleasure personally to be acquainted with. His present colloquy is given under the title of '*The Radiant Dinner-Caster*,' and verily it is 'radiant' beneath his plastic hand:

'We begin to think there is wisdom in Dr. BUSHWHACKER. 'There are other things to study geography from beside maps and globes,' is one of his favorite maxims. We begin to believe it. 'Observe, my learned friend,' said he, 'how the reflected sun-shine from those cut bottles in the easter-stand, throws long plumes of light in every direction across the white damask.' We leaned forward, and saw the phenomenon pointed out by the index-finger of the Doctor, and as we knew something was coming from his perieranics, kept silent of course. 'Well,' said he, inflating his lips until his face looked like that of a cast-iron caryatid, 'well, my dear friend, every pencil of light there is a point of compass, and the contents of that caster come from places as various as those diverging rays indicate. The mustard is from England, the vinegar from France, China furnishes the soy, Italy the oil; we have to ask the West-Indies to contribute the red-pepper, and the East-Indies to supply the black-pepper.' We ventured to remark that those facts we were not ignorant of, by any means. 'True, my dear learned friend,' said the Doctor, with a sort of snort; 'but God bless me! if one-half of the people in this city know it. Mustard,' continued Dr. BUSHWHACKER, 'not at all discomfited, 'comes from Durham, in the north of England—that is, the best quality. The other productions of this county do not amount to much, nor is it celebrated for any thing, except that here the Queen PHILIPPA, wife of King EDWARD the Third, captured DAVID BRUCE, King of Scots, for which reason no Scotchman can eat Durham mustard except with tears in his eyes. We get our grind-stones from this English county, my learned friend; and when you sharpen your knife or your appetite hereafter, it will remind you of Durham. That long pencil of light from the next bottle points to France, where they make the best wine-vinegar we get. Just observe the difference between that sturdy, pot-bellied mustard-bottle, which represents JOHN BELL, and this slender, sharp vinegar-cruet, which represents JOHNNY CRAPEAU; there is a national distinction, Sir, in cruets as well as men. The quantity of vinegar made in France is very great; the best comes from Bordeaux; sometimes it is so strong that the Frenchmen call it '*vinaigre des trois dents*,' or vinegar with three teeth; but the finest-flavored vinegar I ever met with came from Portugal, and for a salad, nothing could equal its delicate aroma. Well, Sir, then there is the red-pepper, the Cayenne; that I presume is from Jamaica?' We assented.

'The best and strongest kind is made partly of the bird-pepper, and partly of the long-pod pepper of the West-Indies. This is a very healthy condiment, Sir; in the tropics it is indispensable; there is a maxim there, Sir, that people who eat Cayenne pepper will live for ever. Like variety, it is the spice of life, Sir, at the equator. Our own gardens, Sir, furnish capsicum, and in fact it grows in all parts of the world; but that from the West-Indies is esteemed to be the best, and I think with justice. Now, Sir, the next pencil of light is reflected from the Yellow Sea!'

'The soy, Doctor?'

'The soy, my learned friend; the best fish-sauce on the face of the globe. The soy, Sir, or 'soya,' as the Japanese call it, is a species of bean, which would grow in this country as well as any other Chinese plant. Few Chinamen eat any thing without a mixture of this bean-jelly in some shape or other. They scald and peel the beans, then add an equal quantity of wheat or barley, then the mess is allowed to ferment; then they add a little salt, sometimes tumeric for color; water is added also, in the proportion of three to one of the mass, and after a few months' repose, the soy is pressed, strained, and ready for market. That, Sir, is the history of that cruet, and now we will pass on to the black pepper.'

'A glass of wine first, Doctor, if you please.'

'Thank you, my dear friend; bless me! how dry I am!'

'Black pepper, *piper nigrum*, is the berry of a vine that grows in Sumatra and Ceylon, but our principal supply of this commonest of condiments comes from the Island of Java; and we have to pay our web-footed Kuickerbockers, across the water, a little toll upon that, as we do upon many other things of daily consumption. The pepper-vine is a very beautiful plant, with large, oval, polished leaves and showy white flowers, that would look beautiful if wound around the head of a bride.'

'No doubt, Doctor, but I think the less pepper about a bride the better.'

'Good, my learned friend; you are right; if I were to get married again, Sir,' continued the Doctor in a very hearty manner, 'I should be a little afraid of the contact of *piper nigrum*.'

'What is white pepper, Doctor?'

'White pepper is the same, Sir, as black pepper, only it is decorticated, that is, the black husk has been rubbed off. Now, Sir, there is not much else interesting about pepper, except that the best probably comes from the kingdom of Bantam; and the

quantity formerly exported from the sea-port of that name in the Island of Java amounted, Sir, to ten thousand tons annually; a good seasonable supply of seasoning for the world, Sir. Well, Sir, we are also indebted to Bantam for a very small breed of fowls, the peculiar use of which no philosopher has as yet been able to determine. Now, Sir, we have finished the *caster*, I think?

“There is one point of light, Doctor, that indicates Italy; what of the oil?”

“Ah! Lucca and Parma! Indeed, Sir, I may say France, Spain, and Italy!”

“Three kingdoms claim its birth;
Both hemispheres proclaim its worth.”

The olive, Sir. I remember something from my school-boy days about that. It is from PLINY's History of Nature, Sir. (Liber. XV.) The olive in the western world was the companion, Sir, as well as the symbol of peace. Two centuries after the foundation of Rome, both Italy and Africa were strangers to this useful plant. It was naturalized in those countries, Sir, and at length carried into the heart of Spain and Gaul. The timid errors of the ancients, that it required a certain degree of heat, and could not flourish in the neighborhood of the sea, were insensibly exploded by industry and experience. There, Sir! But the timid errors of the ancients are not more surprising than the timid errors of the moderns. The olive-tree should be as common here as it is in the old world, especially as it is the emblem of peace. My old friend, DOMINICK LYNCH, Sir, the wine-merchant, the only *great* wine-merchant we ever had, Sir, imported the finest oil, Sir, from Lucca, known even to this day as ‘LYNCH'S OIL.’ He it was who made Château Margaux and the Italian opera popular, Sir, in this great metropolis. Poor Dom! Well, Sir, I suppose you know all about the olive-tree?”

“On the contrary, very little.”

“Well, the olive is as easily propagated as the willow. You must go boldly to work, however, and cut off a limb of the tree, as big as my arm, and plant that. No twig, Sir. In three years it will bear; in five years it will have a full crop; in ten years it will be in perfection. If you plant a slip, it will take twenty years or more to mature. Its mode of bearing is biennial, and you can prune it every other year, and plant the cuttings. LONGWORTH ought to take up the olive, Sir; and he might have a wreath to put around his head, as he deserves. Well, my learned friend, when the olive is ripe — the fruit I mean — it is of a deep violet color. Those we get in bottles are plucked while they are green. The plums are put between two circular mill-stones, the upper one convex, the lower one concave; the fruit is thus crushed, and afterward put in a press, and the oil is excreted by means of a powerful lever. That is all, Sir; an oil-press is not a very handsome article to look at; but in the South I think it would be serviceable at least; butler there is not always of the best quality in summer, and olive oil would be a delightful substitute.”

“What of French and Spanish oil, Doctor?”

“Spanish oil is very good, Sir. So is French; we get little of the Italian oil now. The oil of Aix, near Marseilles, is of superior quality; but that does not come to our market. Lately, I have used the oil of Bordeaux in place of the Italian; it is very fine. But speaking of olive oil, let me tell you an anecdote of my friend GODEX, of Philadelphia, of the ‘*Ladies Book*,’ Sir, the best-hearted man of that name in the world. Well, Sir, GODEX had a new servant-girl; I never knew any body that didn't have a *new* servant-girl! Well, Sir, GODEX had a dinner-party in early spring, when lettuce is a rarity, and of course he had lettuce. He is a capital hand at a salad, and so he dressed it. The guests ate it; and — Sir — well, Sir, I must hasten to the end of the story. Said GODEX to the new girl next morning: ‘What has become of that bottle of castor-oil I gave you to put away yesterday morning?’ ‘Sure,’ said she, ‘*you said it was castor-oil, and I put it in the caster!*’ ‘Well,’ said GODEX, ‘I thought so.’”

Such are the clever things that in this ‘Wine-Press’ alternate with rare and quaint gems of verse, original disquisitions upon choice native and foreign wines, the culture of the grape, etc., etc. That the little journal should be popular, might well be predicted of a sheet under the careful supervision of ‘RICHARD HAYWARDE,’ author of ‘The Babylonish Ditty,’ ‘The Battle of Bunker-Hill,’ ‘Captain DAVIS, a California Ballad,’ and the ‘Sparrowgrass Papers,’ with all of which the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are well acquainted.

COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST. By S. H. HAMMOND, Author of 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams;' and L. W. MANSFIELD, Author of 'Up-Country Letters.' In one volume: pp. 356. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

ANY thing from the pen of Mr. HAMMOND, author of the volume entitled, 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest-Streams,' kindred in character with that most agreeable work, could not fail to compel admiration for the merits of heartfulness, simplicity, and ease of style. As we remarked, in relation to his former work, it is palpable that he enjoys Nature. His is no cockney's affected admiration of those glorious boons to the true and loyal heart, which as they cannot themselves be imitated, can neither be painted by an indifferent observer, nor felt by an artificial 'Nature-alist.' A portion of Mr. HAMMOND's contributions to the volume are running commentaries upon the remarks, in previous letters, of one of his correspondents, (also a favorite correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER in times past,) Mr. L. W. MANSFIELD. We do not wonder at the mutual sympathy between these two writers. There is much, as many of our readers know, in common between them: a kindred love of nature—true feeling—a pleasant style; and, especially with 'JULIAN,' of the 'Morning Watch,' a vivid fancy, to which he has heretofore given the reins, in compositions which have not only been admired, but which will be remembered. We annex a specimen of the mingled bricks which help at least to compose the foundation of their edifice; beginning with a toothsome description of 'Country Luxuries,' which follows '*An Invitation to Dinner:*'

'We have, sir, lamb-chops, new potatoes, the round squash, peas if possible, and that delicate vegetable, powerful in its way, but still delicate, *the young onion*. How other people's onions may relish this year I know not, but ours have arrived just now at a youthful pungency that is very touching. Boiled to a creamy tenderness, or cut up thin with vinegar, from the pure white globule, (about the size, when cut asunder, of an English sovereign,) they are alike admirable and perfect in their way. I use the word *perfect*, thoughtfully, for you can add nothing to the young onion; or if you do, as in the more advanced onion, you have *too much*—an excess; a wild and giddy nostril-dilating power; which, as I have just said, is *too much*. Thanks, therefore, that things must grow, and not spring up into rankness in a single night. Why, sir, a young lady and her sister in the great city have just written to us that they are coming up this summer (a journey of some hundreds of miles) expressly to have a good time with that delicate plant. I immediately replied with my very best married man's regards, and conceiving it proper to make a few remarks, added the following: 'I thank HEAVEN that there are some people left in these latter days, who are willing and ready to eat onions. It is a good sign. It augurs well for the country. It will give strength and tone to the people—the onion—when all other things may fail.'

'When will you come? It's a good time now, our hay being well housed, and nothing remaining of an urgent character.'

'My father remarked the other day, that with one exception he had not succeeded in getting in his grass without rain, in fifteen years. He usually begins on Monday, so as not to have the eye-sore of hay in the meadow on Sunday. Accordingly, on Monday last, my father sent the men into the meadow, although the clouds were ready, at the very moment, to drop with fatness. He merely remarked that it would have to be rained on, and the sooner the better. Before noon the grass was down, and so was the rain. A fine shower began about that time, and continued at intervals all day. My aunt, who had not been watchful of the grass-cutting, walked into my father's room, and taking a pinch of snuff, remarked in her pleasant and thankful way: 'What a beautiful shower! how good it will be for the garden!' 'Yes,' said my father very briefly, 'and for my grass, too.'

'The little excitement being over, and the grass made into hay and under cover, we are now at leisure again. It remains, therefore, only to point you the way. But I hope, Sir, you will not look for a vulgar and exact chart of the route; as, say, 'Bung-

town train 10 : 20, stop at Bung, inquire for Bing, and find the same just round the corner.' Horrid! How excessively annoying to be booked in that way! Think, sir, of the nervous anxiety as to reaching station at the precise 10 : 20; then of the great trepidation as to where *Bung* is, the intense scrutiny of your watch and time-table, or, in your final despair, the hurried exclamations to the flying conductor, 'Is this Bung? Have we got to *Bung* yet?'

'I never do so. When I travel, (and the mood may spring upon me at any moment,) I kiss my wife *good-bye* between the eyes, and walk directly to the station; she, perhaps, trotting by my side, as I go off with easy strides, hoping, possibly, for more *good-byes* at convenient corners. Well, Sir, at the station I *take the cars*. That's all. I never ask the conductor where he is going, or when he expects to get there. I take it he understands his business. We are going — that is the great point: we are travelling. When it comes night, or whenever I get tired, I motion to the conductor, in an easy way, to let me out; and if there is no coach handy in that part of the country, perhaps I may walk; but then I never programme to do so and so. I programme to do as I please, and as events shall determine.'

Leaving these useful hints to judicious country travellers, we pass to a passage from the pen of the Editor, who loves the hills, lakes, and forest-streams:

'If you do not hear from me soon again, you may consider I am taking a rest.'

'Don't do that, dear sir — don't do it. Don't take a rest. There's something sad in the idea of taking a rest; something that speaks of decay, of energies exhausted, of life-springs drying up. To us the words come freighted with no pleasant memories. We had an ancient friend long ago, a rough specimen of a man, but every inch a man; one of nature's nobility — honest and straightforward as truth itself, whose good opinion we lost for a time by 'taking a rest.' He was a man of eccentricities, of idiosyncrasies, if you please, and it cost us years of effort to get back into our old place in his regards. We said he was a rough specimen of a man, but he was one of giant sympathies and a big heart. He was a man of the back-settlements and the woods. He was a mighty hunter, and the game he sighted might count itself as lost. He loved his friends, and was proud of them. He loved his rifle and his dogs. He loved the old woods and mountains, and the wild streams. He was older by a score of years than myself, but the icicles of age never gathered around his heart, and the coldness of growing years never chilled the genial warmth of his nature. He has passed to his rest now, and sleeps quietly under the shadow of thick-foliaged maples on a little knoll selected by himself. Calm be thy slumbers, mine ancient friend, and happy thy long future in the world to come. He loved his rifle and his dogs, and his heart was ready to embrace the man who loved the tangled forest-paths, who loved to hear the music of his bounds upon the mountain, and to bring down the flying deer. A marksman himself, he was ready to love the man who could equal him in skill with the rifle; and to be his superior was a surer passport still to his affections.

'On a Christmas day, long ago, when we were younger by many, many years, than we are now, we went to a gathering, known among the border villages as a shooting match. Turkeys were the prizes contended for. A plank was placed at some five-and-twenty rods' distance, with a hole in it, through which was thrust the head of the turkey, while his body was secured behind it. At this mark the 'sportsmen' fired. If blood was drawn, the marksman was entitled to the turkey. Each competitor paid a small piece of money before taking a shot, which went to the owner of the turkey. Well, we were there with our rifle to take our chances with the rest for a Christmas dinner. A number of marksmen had preceded us, and we ourselves had failed in a shot or two, when it was proposed to 'take a rest;' that is, to lay down with the rifle resting upon a block properly arranged, and in that position take sight and fire at the head of the poor bird. Its owner had already pocketed twice its value in shillings, and he consented to the arrangement. The block was placed in position, and the first shot fell by lot to myself. Among hunters in those days, taking a rest, either at living game or a dead mark, was a violation of all the proprieties of woodcraft. It was opposed to all rule, a practice which, if largely indulged in, would cost one his position among sportsmen, and the regards of every true hunter and woodman. As we said, the first shot fell by lot to myself, and we were about taking our position, when we felt a hand laid upon our shoulder. Turning, we saw our old friend standing beside us, leaning upon his long rifle. We had not noticed him before. 'Don't do it,' said he; 'SAM, don't do it — never take a rest, stand up like a man, and fire off-hand; if you miss, you can't help it, and no body blames you, but never take a rest.' His voice sounded more in sorrow than in anger, but we saw that his confidence in our woodcraft was shaken, and his esteem for us as a hunter fading away.

'We *did* stand up and fire off-hand, and the head of the turkey was shattered by our

ball. That shot did much toward calling back to us his wandering regards, but it was not until we had hunted with him, and brought down many a noble deer in his company, that the impression of our weakness in 'taking a rest' was effaced from his mind. We admonish you, therefore, our very dear Sir, in the language of our ancient friend, 'Don't do it, never take a rest. Stand up like a man, and fire off-hand. If you miss, no body blames you, but 'never take a rest.' There's a moral in the admonition, a moral and deep philosophy in the advice. Always, and at all times through life, whatever temptations may beset you, however misfortune may darken around you, yield not a foot to the tempter, bend not a joint to misfortune, but 'stand up like a man and fire off-hand.'

Beautifully printed, pleasantly written, various in subject, and portable in form, this is the very 'book for the season.'

MY CONFESSION; THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE, AND OTHER TALES: pp. 306. New-York: J. C. DERBY, 119 Nassau-street.

If Women cannot have their part in making the laws of our country, if they find yet in a measure closed to them the paths of science and the avenues of trade, they are with a most wonderful rapidity taking their places side by side with the sterner sex in the literary world. Our side of the world at least is called continually to wonder anew at their astonishing success. The instances are so numerous and so striking that we need not enumerate them. The work before us is another striking instance of literary genius in a young, beautiful, and accomplished lady of our city. Coming before the public without any prestige of literary celebrity, she may not expect immediate success; and beside, a collection of stories is never so popular as a novel complete in itself. The volume before us contains eight stories. The first, from which the book derives its title, is a story we should never have supposed was written by a young lady if we did not happen to *know* the fact. It is exceedingly high-wrought, and the style has all the ease and vigor of a practised pen. The strange, unnatural conduct of a mother in educating a beautiful and only daughter in perfect seclusion from the world that she might thereby escape the risks of love, is well told, and the result is about what might be expected from such a visionary project. The other stories in the book are, 'SYBIL RIVERS;' 'LORRAINE GORDON, a Biography;' 'A Fragment of Auto-biography;' 'ZOE BELL's Birthday;' 'An Old Man's Story;' 'The Swallows in Mr. PIP's Chimney;' and the 'Story of HAGAR,' which last will interest many, more than any other in the volume, being the history of a young musical prodigy, whose fate leaves a sad impression on the mind of the reader.

The interest of the reader in all the tales is never allowed to flag, and the volume is one we should recommend all to take with them if they are travelling, or sojourning at any of the watering-places. We think they will agree with us that the production of such a book by a lady yet in her teens will make her future and more complete works to be looked for with eager interest. We should be glad to make some quotations to establish our opinion, but this department is more than full.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have just finished the perusal in manuscript of a volume of poems by an old contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, and from which we are permitted to make a few extracts in advance of their publication. The originality with which subjects already trite are treated, and the passionate as well as poetical power displayed in others will recommend them to the reader. Take the following for example:

'Give me your tender cares, your dear caresses,
Your bright approving smile, frank as a brother;
Give me your *mind*, whose graceful wisdom blesses:
But ah! your love, give that unto another.

'So my heart argues in its tranquil moments,
Laved in the dream-like bliss you have inspired;
Then comes a pain, filling my soul in torrents,
Like some green hill to a Vesuvius fired

'In its most verdant hour. Oh! scathing lava!
Oh! cruel, pelting hail! oh! torture hideous!
As to some laboring ship the ruthless 'Ha! ha!'
Of the weird Storm-King, in his reign malicious.

'Tell me, ye powers of Heaven, whose loved control,
Like the sweet south-breeze on a wind-harp playing,
Wakes soothing music, tell me of a goal,
A tranquil haven, where the billows swaying,

'My wearied soul, riven, tempest-tossed, forlorn,
May sink to ripples as of moon-lit streams,
And keep the peering sun-beams of the morn
In cooling shadows veiled; for in soft dreams,

'Lulled by the ebbing tide, my hope would wander!
And let kind angels dimly at the helm
Be visible; oh! let their watch be fonder
Than a young mother's; let their sway o'erwhelm

'All power of retrospect, all future longing:
Swathed like a captive warrior let the sinews
Of my imperious soul be bound; and dawning
O'er the cleft furrows of my path, 'mid dews

'Which soften where they fall, let cheerful star-light
Keep the mild moon sweet company; so, haply,
Some constant beam from out my heavy night,
Cleaving the dark, may light my life-path calmly.'

The following short description of a rain-bow, from a piece entitled, 'A Summer Afternoon,' we think possesses great beauty:

'A PHANTOM drapery 'twixt sky and earth,
Of blending tints, spans in impulsive birth
The entranced view. A heavenly arch it forms:
Is it suspended by some seraph's arms?

'Ethereal Rainbow! daughter of the shower!
Thy beauty lends enchantment to the hour!
The seraph arm grows weary, now is furled
The gleam in dreamy vapor from the world!'

We next extract from another rural piece:

'WHY do n't you come?' said the flower to the bee.
'Waking to-day with a heart light and free,
I turned to the sun, and bent to the breeze,
And listened to the birds that sang in the trees,
And to every gay wooer I yielded a smile,
But ah! it was only the time to beguile.
Why, why do n't you come?'

'A light winging sound and musical hum
Brings a glad answer: the bright bee has come!
Fluttering and glowing the flower droops her head,
While her low-breathed sighs a sweet perfume shed;
The bee heard the call! was he truant the while?
Ah! no; it was only the time to beguile;
At least, since he's come.
'Tis thus she interprets his musical hum.'

The following will find a response in our own — in many a heart. In refutation of the supposition (which 'the bard has sung') that the soul watches and waits for a particular love:

'THE wild bud yields its sweetness to the bee;
The sun woos not his votive flower in vain;
The breeze is welcomed by each waving tree,
'The bard has sung,' but oh! how false a strain!

'Ask of the night, whose silence lends an ear
To the wild 'plaining of the nightingale;
Ask of the listening woods, where, low and clear,
Murmurs the river down you darkling vale;

'Ask of the little brook, whose bosom pure
Mirrors the loving branches, drooping low
To woo its freshness; ask the skies, which lure
The trembling vapors from the melting snow;

'Ask of the fresh, young heart in girlhood's morn,
Where, slumbering like the music in a shell,
Love's echoes lie. No light-winged hope the dawn
Has yet betrayed of love's unconscious spell.

'Ask all that's beautiful, and pure, and sweet,
If to the voice of any genial air,
Let but the note be love, which comes to meet,
Soft and insidious, the music there,

'Some deep responsive chord will not be stirred
To gushing rapture at the thrilling tone,
The latent frown awaked, its torrent poured
In wild exuberance toward the radiant throne

'Where sits the beckoning Cupid. What if all
Love's maddening ecstasy in one glad thrill
Should live and perish, and the spirit fall
Back to the common level, can it chill

'The fresh, bright, blooming Hope which that dear dream
Sweetly unfolded? The white dove may pine
To find the sparkling water's luring gleam
Upon the fountain's brim, her destined shrine,

'Has waked a quenchless thirst; but lo! she droops
Her willing wings, nor knows but she has quaffed
Love's fountain dry. She falters not, nor stoops
To other springs, and seeks no other draught.'

Is there not a new idea conveyed in the following lines on Solitude?

'THE mind at ease may find a charm
In solitude's repose and calm;
The stolid soul, from fancy free,
May brook its insipidity.

'Here Fashion's sated votary
May find a joy, an ecstasy,
In throwing off the cumbrous dress
Which swathes her spirit's artlessness.

'And Science, Learning, Grief, and Love
May deem its sweets all sweets above:
Ambition here may dream its dream;
Chagrin here find a Lethe stream;

'Here Hope may spread her glowing wings,
Philosophy here find the springs
Of all the joys the bosom throng,
Which Solitude's rapt shades prolong.

'But, Solitude! thy deep control
Binds not *all* powers that sway the soul;
Thou canst not aid, and ne'er restrained,
Love's longing for the unattained!'

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY. — A recent visit to this admirable collection of paintings has afforded us so much pleasure, that we desire to call the attention of our readers to it again. The room formerly occupied by the American Art Union is now filled with these fine pictures, which no one should fail to see.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have bent on a new snapper this month, gentle reader. Our friend and publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, who has been 'cavorting' among the mountains of Lake George, and eating lake trout to repletion, at SHERRILL'S famous Lake-House, brings with him such abundant health and spirits, that we gladly resign the editorial chair to him for the nonce. So now we can pack up our carpet-bag for the West — razors, brushes, six shirts, two white waistcoats, half-a-gallon of bay-rum, one portable boot-jack, (to fold up,) thirty-two pairs of stockings, one pound of sealing-wax, the family breast-pin, one cravat and a half, ditto trowsers, one thousand segars, eleven tooth-brushes, one small mosquito-net, and the 'Editor's Table.'

Gentlemen and ladies, editorially we make you acquainted with Mr. HUESTON.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The reader will no doubt be gratified to learn that since the beginning of our new volume, the circulation of the KNICKER-BOCKER has increased ten ——'

That will never do, HUESTON. Try again; dip into the easy, button-holding, colloquial, L. G. C. style.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The sun was just gilding the spires of Hoboken, when a jaded pair of horses might have been seen rapidly approaching the Albany steamboat.'

Never do, sir. G. P. R. J. Once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There is nothing in America that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the power of a great steamboat, as it leaves the crowded wharf, and glides majestically upon the broad bosom of the Hudson.'

No go, Mr. HUESTON. W. I. Try again.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There was the old steamboat lying at the wharf: the old steamboat, with its old rotten timbers, its mysterious machinery, with, here and there, an iron limb bound up in cloths, as if it had been in some battle, where every body had come off second best. There were the wretched passengers on the upper-deck, and the wretched emigrants on the lower-deck; there were the wretched news-boys, darting about like blue-bottle flies; there were the wretched firemen, and the wretched orange-women; there was the dark, slimy water below, suggestive of suicides, and the white plume of steam above, suggestive of an unlimited number of coroner's inquests. Then the old steamboat pawed the water, and struggled to get free; and then she relapsed again, and gave it up. Then the wretched captain said, 'Let go;,' and with a shriek, a gasp, and a snort, her wheels revolved, the hawser splashed in the dock, and the old steamboat sluggishly cut the slimy waters, and struggled up the river.'

C. D., Mr. HUESTON; and in his worst style. Try once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'We laughed 'somedele' at our friend and publisher, Mr. HUESTON, yesterday, 'we did.' Being a man of 'weak nerves,' he took it into his head to evacuate the city on the glorious Fourth of July, by taking a 'passage' on the 'Rip Van Winkle.' To be sure of a 'good berth,'

he engaged his state-room on board the 'Rip Van Winkle' two days beforehand. The polite clerk promised to select a good cool one, so as to let Mr. H. enjoy a comfortable night's rest, so that he could wake up '*aw ri*' in Albany the next morning. On taking possession of his room, number eighteen, our friend and publisher found the window opened upon an interesting little machine used on these boats to blow the fire; and instead of sleeping, he had the uninterrupted pleasure of enjoying its music all night. He says he never was so well 'blown up' in his life; but next time he wants to know before he pays in 'advance' for a state-room, whether it is a state-room 'simply,' or a state-room with an 'Æolian attachment.'

That will do. Go on, HUESTON; you hit it there. That's L. G. C.!

(HUESTON speaks.) '*Lines on Leaving the City*,' by G. W. A., is respectfully declined. Did G. W. A. ever read the following? or is the striking resemblance of *his* lines merely 'accidental?'

'To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when with heart's content,
 Fatigued, he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?'

Who is more happy? - - - That was a capital reply of the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH to a lady who wanted a 'motto' to engrave on the collar of her poodle. He at once suggested a quotation from SHAKESPEARE: 'Out, damned Spot!' which the lady did not think sentimental enough, although thoroughly SHAKESPEREAN. We 'opine' the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH did not 'cotton to' poodles more than we do. - - - We 'plead guilty' to the 'soft impeachment' of loving a good story. Two gentlemen, not long since, visited our 'sanctum,' and in the whole course of the evening we managed to pick out *one*, that had the merit of being 'new.' It is no doubt good, from the mirth it excited in the relator himself; and we jot it down '*verbatim et cachinnatum*.' 'Tell that story,' said the gentleman with the pink cravat. 'What story?' said the one with the brown striped tie. 'That one about the dog.' BROWN STRIPED TIE, suddenly catching his face in both hands, and exploding: 'Oh! yes—ho! ho! ho! ho! You see, we were walking up Broadway—ho! ho! ho!—and met a dog—oh! ho! ha! ha!—a dog—ha! ha! ho! ho! (stamping his foot;) and in front of him was a Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!—a little Frenchman—ho! ho! ha! ha! he! oh! my!—in a gingham coat—ho! ho! ho!—and the dog a little way behind—ho! ho! ho! ha!' PINK CRAVAT joins in 'ha! ha! ha! ha!' and for the rest of the time makes a sound as if he were jingling a watch-chain in his windpipe. BROWN TIE: 'Says I, JOHN, I'll bet you that dog belongs to that Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!' Says he: 'That's what *I* want to bet'—oh! ho! ho! ha! hi! So we watched 'em—ha! ha! ha! ha!—to the next corner—ho! ho! ha! (hysterical tears in the eyes of BROWN TIE)—to the corner—oh! ho! ha! ha!—and there the little Frenchman turned down—oh! ho! ho! ho! (increased jingle of chain in the windpipe of

PINK TIE)—and we found the dog didn't belong to him at all, but to another man—ho! ho! ho! ho!—oh! my!' Does any body see the 'goak?' - - - THE unparalleled sorrows of PEPPER (compared with which those of 'WERTER' were unmixed happiness) have elicited the annexed feeling letter from an unhappy young lady in Pennsylvania, following which is a copy of our Pote's characteristic reply:

'A PETITION FROM A VICTIM OF A TYRANT TO THE GREAT MR. PEPPER.

July 2d.

'DEAR SIR: Your kindness in answering Mr. VOUGHT's letter has encouraged me to hope a line from one, whose heart is suffering from a grief like that which has prostrated your noble genius for so many months, might meet your indulgence. O Mr. PEPPER! *you* can feel for me; *you* who have suffered and grown strong. Tell me where is the balm that has comforted you, or reconciled you to your loss of the object of your affections; and would you please send me a bottle of it, with directions how to take it? Dear Mr. PEPPER, I am *alone*. I have loved. My mother forbade my adored THEODOSIUS HORATIO the house. I ran to the horse-pond. I cried: 'Cruel mother, you have killed me; I go to the eternal shades; farewell, my beloved, your ANGELINA dies for you.' I tore my hair; I scattered it on the winds. (Also my frock that caught on a nail that SAM had put to hold the tin pail.) I threw myself in. The cold waves surged around me. I struck the bottom. I cried out aloud. A strong hand seized me. The hideous sound of laughter grated on my nerves; SAM had rescued an unwilling victim to his kindness. O Mr. PEPPER! what can I do? They keep me shut up, for fear I'll do it again. They make me eat without any knife, for fear I will cut my throat. They have taken my object's letters; for, as he could not write, they soon heard from the man who wrote for him. I saw him last night. I wrote to him on a little card, and tied it to my cat's neck, and beckoned him to call her. He did. I thrèw her out of the window, for the door was locked, and he came as near to the fence as he could; but she ran to my mother, and she sent SAM to drive my object away. O Mr. PEPPER! Mr. PEPPER! take pity upon me, and help me to some of your balm, if you can get it to me. If I die, if I perish, will you not write my epitaph, and oblige the sad sorrow of the broken heart of

'Mr. K. N. PEPPER.

ANGELINA EUPHROSYNE TUTE.'

'N. B.—As I am very sure I shall not long survive, when I die, would you please write the epitaph, and let me see it in print in the KNICKERBOCKER before the world closes on

MY LIGHT FOR EVER.'

'North-Demosthenes 4 corners guly 10. 55.

'DERE MISS TOOTY: Yours hes cum! & ef Mr. Podd hes red it to me onot hese red it severil tymes at leest. wot hapines i fele wen discoverink a spirit like youn! so full ov felink & onhapines generally! o i no Genus is a serkelatin around your hart in Torrens, and wants to cum into your hed. let it cum, Miss TOOTY, let it cum. doant stop it. it cant do no hirt, and it may releve you cuite onexpected. o wot a relefe it wos wen i compoged that pome about HANAH g. W. last sumer! i felt better direkly, & even wile a ritink ov it, i was strong enuf to pich into old WATERS imejitly. (bi the way, you want to no wy ime so cheerle after suferink so much. heres the ceerit, onhappy i, wich you air to kepe as long as the warm wether wil allow. you no i disapered sum tyme sens in a Miss Terious maner, & hed strong intenshuns ov doin sumthink—peraps a Pond like you. al that wos onto Hanahs account. i felt bad, Miss TOOTY. o how Genus ken sufer & fele

meloncolly! i hed wondered along amakin up mi mynd, & afrade al the wile my dere fren Podd wood ketch me be 4 ide dun it, wen gitin tyred i saw a shed. this brot to mi mynd the 'SOLLLEKY, ADREST TO A BERD ON THE FENS,' wich i did wylst reclynk onto a bilding ov that speshy, as you hevent forgot, i supoge. as i felt the same meloncolly felinks, i got up; & in a dreme i saw HER! yes, their she wer a looking lik a smal swete wite Roas, wich a large red 1 hed ben a pickin onto. al to onct a cheerfle vois sed — '*Cheer up, mi boy, the old feler is a goink!*' Was it a aingle? no, it was Podd! how i huged him! in the confushun we roald of the shed, wich not myndink we rose with a smil & went direkly hoam. So you se theirs a chans for me yet, Miss TOOTY.)

'you alood to Bam. the oanly bam i use now is bam ov columby wich (the litle as is left) youm welcome to, in a vyal. is *your* har loos?

'you hev sufered a grate dele afflicted I, but not ekal to HANAH, wich hes got a crule Faither, & yourn is oanli a mother — wich we supoge her milk of human kyndnes hesent al dryde up into nothink. The pond must have felt rayther coald; and ov coars a yung lady is indignent at gittin al wet & not hevin the satisfackshun ov drowndink herself. it aint elegant to pich out ov a winder or you cood do it that way. ime astonisht at your hevin eny apetyte, wich i hadent, & ov coarse dident nede no nife. did you experiens eny dificulty in shrikin wen you wos onto the bottom of the pond? sum ken holer under water, but them as stays out alus swares they cant here nothink. you must hev ketched coald wen gerked out by the roothles han ov the yung man. ef you cood git Consumshun now, that wood be a good way, oanli it taks a lifytyme to doo enythink, onles it fortunately hapens to be a Galup.

'But o Miss TOOTY, ef we shoold Boath loos the obgecs of our afeckshuns, (onplesant thought!) we cood liv sum tyme by consolinck ov ech other: youm onhappy — ime meloncolly, & Consolashun shel be the Bitters as shel kepe us up.

'i woodent advyse you to di wile thays the lest chans. your crule mother may cum around—so may HANAH's onnateral Faither. but ef you cant help goink, i shel talk much plesyour in compogink your Epitaf: wich shel apear imejitly after yeuv gon up.

'So now onhappy I, Fairwel, from your meloncolly fren,

K. N. PEPPER.'

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Witness the tender sympathy of PEPPER, in behalf of Miss TUTE. - - - THERE never was a better exemplification of exquisite wit than in the following anecdote of Dr. TYNG. It seems the Doctor had been dining with the late Commodore CHAUNCEY, and toward the close of the entertainment, one of the guests was puzzled concerning a bottle of wine of most curious nature. 'Commodore,' said he, 'I have exhausted your decanter, and for the life of me cannot decide whether it be sherry or Madeira.' Whereupon Dr. TYNG arose and said promptly: 'Allow me to propose a toast —'

'Hold, hold, HUNSTON! put on the brake. Here is a large package from the West. L. G. C.'s 'hand-write' by all that is gossip! See there! piles of the Simon Pure material! Room for the Editor! (CLARK speaks.)

DEAR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS: The EDITOR is on his travels: having joyfully accepted the invitation of an esteemed friend and neighbor, to accompany him through certain portions of the unvisited West.

He hopes that his readers will hereafter, in some degree, be enabled to partake of the enjoyment which he anticipates. In the mean time, as he leaves early in the month, he must crave indulgence for any short-comings which may be apparent in the present number, many editorial pages of which, hastily prepared, must pass without the usual supervision.

Not long since there was held in this city a large and enthusiastic 'gathering,' without distinction of party, so far as spectators and participators were concerned, to do honor to the late beloved and lamented HENRY CLAY, it being the anniversary of his birth. When we read the proceedings in the journals of the day, we called to mind some lines from the fertile pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which we had long contemplated publishing. How the voices of the great statesman's admirers would have rung through the hall, could the following have been repeated on the occasion referred to! But here are the lines:

‘HENRY CLAY.

‘With voice and mien of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul,
Like lightnings from the tempest-cloud:
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born,
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

‘But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of *The Country's* right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
Oh! no! — *not* mute — his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of *Nations* fall
More awful than his living tones!

‘The impulse that his spirit gave
To human Thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that ‘Great Deep’ eternally:
And the all-circling atmosphere,
With which is blent his breath of flame,
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

‘His words, that like a bugle-blast
Erst rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for ever more!
Great LIBERTY will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summon from earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife!

‘Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him ‘Prophet of the Free!’

'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed,
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where LIBERTY has bled
Beside her broken battle-blade.

'Who now, in Danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice and arm of power
Our Freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, O God! to THEE,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow, and ask that THOU wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust!'

Does not this stir your heart? - - - IN the following '*Distinction without a Difference*,' from PUNCH, there is more of condensed satire than could be crowded into a column-leader of '*The Thunderer*.' 'The following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals, who have not achieved much distinction of any kind: NAPIER was expected to do *something*, and he *did n't* do it: DUNDAS was expected to do *nothing*, and *did it*!' - - - IN the course of our 'experience,' it has often occurred to us, 'What *would* poor Mrs. PARSHALLS, who had sought a 'new home' in the West, have done if she had broken her 'dish-kettle'—a vessel so utterly indispensable in her 'household *economy*?' Some idea of the daily round of duties which it performed may be gathered from the report thereof, as recorded by the author of 'A New Home: Who'll Follow?'

'THIS vessel cooked the potatoes for breakfast, and was then put on to heat water for washing the dishes. When this same washing process was about to commence, the dish-kettle was always hoisted to the table, since where was the use of washing out a pan, when a dish-kettle did just as well, and kept the water hot longer, too?

'By the time the dishes were washed it was time to feed the pigs; and then poor Aunt, being sadly scanted in pails, carried this heavy iron vessel up the rising ground, at the top of which the pen was placed. Then the kettle was scoured and put on for dinner. After dinner came the whole washing process over again, and then the factotum was cleaned once more and put on to heat water for mopping the floor—a daily ceremony.

'At this point of the diurnal round I confess to a discrepancy of opinion between Aunt PARSHALLS and myself, since I could never quite like to see mopping going on in and out of the dish-kettle. But as she said, in reply to a very sharp remonstrance on this head, 'Why, bless your dear soul, I sca-oured it!' I will answer for it she *did*—but we all have our prejudices.

'The kettle has still *another* 'sca-ouring' process to cook the supper, wash the dishes, carry the pigs' mess up the hill, and come home to be cleaned again, in order that the beans may be put to soak for to-morrow morning's porridge.'

It is *almost* affecting to imagine what a loss this kettle would have been! - - - SELDOM do we meet in this work-day world with a more beautiful instance of benevolence and humanity than the one recorded in the following paragraph from a late Scottish journal:

'THE island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Sky and the main land of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbor,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day.

'At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor widow, whose lonely cottage is called '*The Light-House*,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light, and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety.

'During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect: and for this she receives no manner of remuneration. It is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept any reward. She has saved more lives than any light-house on the coast, and thousands of pounds to the under-writers. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows:

'In sight of home, and friends that thronged to save.'

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.'

Here is a fine theme for a poem. - - - We thought, when we first saw an account of the following instance of *Yankee Enterprise* going the rounds of the press some months ago, that it would not circulate alone on *this* side of the water, and now it reaches us from abroad: 'An American newspaper states that a little steamer, built to run on the Androscoggin River, in the State of Maine, having become frozen in, her owners drew her upon the shore in a cove, built a saw-mill over her, and used the engines as a motive-power for the mill, while the mill itself serves as a boat-house!' What do you think of that, 'JOHNNY BULL?' - - - 'If a man die,' says JOB, 'shall he live again?' 'All the days of *my* appointed time will I wait, until my change come!' But what will our modern 'spiritualists' say to the following perfectly well-authenticated statement, adduced by a writer in a late number of the *North-British Quarterly Review*? 'Can such things be, without our special wonder?' Let the reader answer:

'THE condition of trance can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving after Dr. CHEYNE, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Colonel TOWNSEND, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character.

'Colonel TOWNSEND could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort or some how, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. BAYNARD laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. SKRINE held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. BAYNARD could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. SKRINE perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel TOWNSEND actually expired.'

'WHEN I take my eye, and throw it around this assembly' has been considered, by an English 'travelled' authority in this country, as a 'figure

of speech' not only peculiarly American, but as involving a physical impossibility in that 'cute and far-seeing nation. Let that croaking censor peruse the following, 'specimen of eloquence' from an authentic speech made by General BUNCOMBE, in the House of Representatives, in the days of 'Fifty-Four Forty or Fight:'

'MR. SPEAKER: When I take my eyes and throw them over the vast expanse of this expansive country: when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization and extension on every side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring, like a spring-freshet — when I see all *this*, I cannot resist the idea, Sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school-boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots!

'Sir, we want *elbow-room*! — the continent — the *whole* continent — and nothing *but* the continent! And we will *have* it! Then shall Uncle SAM, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm on the Oregon and California coast, his left on the eastern sea-board, and whistle away the British power, while reposing his leg, like a freeman, upon Cape-Horn! Sir, the day *will* — the day *must* come!

A 'gel-lorious ked'ntry' this! - - - How much hard study, how continuous the labor, how unremitting the exertion required, to be a proficient in any profession or in any art! Ask of all the 'learned professions,' ask of all artists, ask of all mechanics, learned in their elaborate arts, and *they* will tell you what long-tried '*practice*' it requires to 'make *perfect*.'

Listen then to one — an actor, and the first of his class, who is passing away, not only from 'the stage,' *as* such, but from the busy stage of life — while he tells you what study, what care, what practice, are necessary, even to *seem* to be a proficient in the realities and observances of actual, '*real* life.' We quote from the unpublished note-book of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, a young man of the highest promise, whom DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced to be 'one of the very first scholars and thinkers of his time:'

'September 23, 1845. — Mr. WILLIAM B. WOOD, the well-known manager and actor — a gentleman of irreproachable character, in a moral, social, or *any* point of view — passed the evening at my house. He was speaking of the immense labor, in the way of study, of a capable actor's life:

'*"I never omitted,"* he said, '*any labor that could make me more perfect in the *grace* of my profession.*

'*"Finding myself somewhat awkward in opening and shutting a door, in coming upon the stage, I asked the manager to permit me to come out and announce the play; and for *two whole years* I practised *that*; and when I was not *in* the play, I would come down and dress, in stockings, shoes, etc., merely for the purpose of announcing the play; so as to wear a sword and a cocked hat. I made a point of doing both these, at home and in my own room for years, so that this costume should be as natural and familiar to me as my ordinary one.*

'*"The manager said to me: 'I never saw any one in my life to whom the use of a sword seemed to be so natural and unconscious. You sit down, get up, and move about, and yet never seem to think of the sword at all, which I have remarked never gets in your way."*

'*"Just so,"* continued Mr. WOOD, '*I had worn it until I thought no more about it than about my ordinary gloves. So I wore a cocked hat in my bed-room, and took it off and put it on a dozen times in an afternoon."*

'*"It may be necessary to explain, that this was part of the dress of the characters played at that time, and gentlemen meeting ladies in the piece, were obliged, in courtesy, frequently to take off their hats in the course of the play.*

'*"To put on the hat easily, and at once,"* said Mr. WOOD, '*and without a second motion of adjustment, was very difficult. I acquired it by this familiar use."*

'*"This was a process of assiduous labor, certainly; but Mr. WOOD felt that any thing that was worth doing *at all*, was worth *doing well*. Moreover, as he himself tells us, he 'derived great advantage from associating all his life with *gentlemen* — off the stage, and on."*

'*"I had no genius,"* he said, modestly, '*but I had quickness of observation, and*

indefatigable labor.' That he had *more* (every one will say who ever saw him) than these last qualifications, must be admitted, or he never could have attained to the exalted position which he held for over forty years.'

It has always seemed to us that Mr. EVERETT 'touches nothing that he does not ornament.' With thoughts clearly conceived, carefully polished, and skilfully marshalled, he approaches and carries forward his theme, with a manner that is enforced by all the graces of practised eloquence. Witness the following passage from the admirable and widely-commended speech recently delivered at Dorchester :

'It has been said, in one or two well-authenticated cases of persons restored after drowning, where life has been temporarily extinguished in the full glow of health, with the faculties unimpaired by disease, in perfect action, that in the last few minutes of conscious existence the whole series of the events of the entire life comes rushing back to the mind distinctly, but with inconceivable rapidity—that the whole life is lived over again in a moment. Such a narrative, by a person of high official position and perfect credibility I have read. We may well suppose that at this critical moment of WASHINGTON's life a similar concentration of thought would take place, and that the events of his past existence, as they had prepared him for it—his escape from drowning and the rifle of the savage on his perilous mission to Venango, the shower of iron hail through which he rode unharmed on BRADDOCK's field—would now crowd through his memory ; that much more, also—the past life of his country—the early stages of the great conflict now brought to its crisis, and still more solemnly the possibilities of the future for himself and for America—would press upon him ; the ruin of the patriotic cause if he failed at the outset ; the triumphant consolidation of the Revolution if he prevailed, with higher visions of the hopeful family of rising States, their auspicious growth and prospering fortunes hovering like a dream of angels in the remote prospect—all this, attended with the immense desire of honest fame, (for we cannot think even WASHINGTON's mind too noble to want the last infirmity ;) the intense inward glow of manly heroism about to act its great part on a sublime theatre ; the softness of the man chastening the severity of the chieftain, and deeply touched at the sufferings and bereavements about to be caused by the conflict of the morrow ; the still tenderer emotions that breathed their sanctity over all the rest—the thought of the faithful and beloved wife who had followed him from Mount Vernon, and of the aged mother whose heart was aching in her Virginia home for glad tidings of 'GEORGE, who was always a good boy'—all these pictures, visions, feelings, pangs—too vast for words, too deep for tears—but swelling, no doubt, in one unuttered prayer to HEAVEN, we may well imagine to have filled the soul of WASHINGTON at that decisive hour, as he stood upon the heights of Dorchester, with the holy stars for his camp-fire, and the deep-folding shadows of night, looped by the hand of God to the four quarters of the sky, for the curtains of his tent.'

The close, in natural, simple eloquence, is scarcely less effective. We are not surprised to find that 'the eloquent orator exhibited much emotion as he concluded, and the cheering which had broken out frequently during the delivery of his address, again rose in one vehement and overwhelming and prolonged shout, which made the hills ring again.'

'Thus, my friends, in the neighborhood of the spot where, in my early childhood, I acquired the first elements of learning at one of those public schools which are the glory of and strength of New-England, I have spoken to you imperfectly of the appropriate topics of the day. Retired from public life, without the expectation or the wish to return to it, but the contrary ; grateful for the numerous marks of public confidence which I have received, and which I feel to be beyond my merits ; respecting the convictions of those from whom I have at any time differed, and asking the same justice for my own, I own, fellow-citizens, that few things would better please me than to find a quiet retreat in my native town, where I might pass the rest of my humble career in the serious studies and tranquil pursuits which befit the decline of life, till the same old bell should announce that the checkered scene is over, and the weary is at rest.'

A RECENT English paper states, that in a small town, not a hundred miles from London, the *curate* belonging to the parish preached a sermon on

Trinity-Sunday, which was recognized as a masterly discourse of the great TILLOTSON'S. In the afternoon, the *rector* returned and preached the same sermon! A 'hard-working clergy' that! - - - We have not unfrequently spoken, of late, in the KNICKERBOCKER, of a capital master of the broad burlesque, who signs himself '*John Phoenix*,' in the San-Francisco (Cal.) '*Pioneer*' monthly magazine. Rail-road officers and operatives say that his description of opening, or rather of surveying the route of a rail-road from San-Francisco to the Mission Dolores, which we lately published, is one of the most amusing and sarcastic things to be found anywhere. We think the following, sent to the editor, ridiculing the glowing descriptions, often furnished to the papers, of clipper-ships arriving at that port, will make ship-owners and ship-captains 'let out a reef' in their waist-coats. The vessel is called the *Highfulutin*:

'I SEND this by special current express, calculating that it will drift along a few days ahead of us; and you can have it all ready to put in, while we are within the usual 'two hours' sail of the port for twenty four days.' Do n't forget also to mention the fog, loss of sails, heavy weather, etc., and particularly 'the tight and baffling head-winds for a couple of months.' But you can regulate that by the length of our voyage. No matter if you do make a little error of ten or fifteen days in our favor, in reporting us. If not noticed, we won't correct it; but if it is, then pitch into the compositors, and call it a typographical error.

'She is one hundred and fifty tons register, and carries two thousand, as measured in Boston, with the measurer's thumb inside the callipers, which (the thumb) being much swollen and tied up in a rag, may have made a few feet difference in the measurements; but that don't amount to much. Her extreme length on deck is five hundred and ninety-seven and a half feet; eight feet breadth of beam; two hundred feet deep; twenty-four feet between decks. Her bow is a great rake, and the head is composed of a female carved figure, with one thumb resting on the extreme tip of her nose, fingers extended in the act of gyrating; the first finger of the left hand in the act of drawing down the lower lid of the eye; which the captain explains to us as a simile from the Heathen Mythology, denoting curiosity on the part of the figure to ascertain if any body discovers any thing verdant.

'The '*Highfulutin*' is finished with the patent '*Snogrosticars*,' indicating the millenium when it comes. She is rigged after the recent invention of Captain BROWHARN, which consists of three topsail-yards on the bowsprit, the balyards leading down through a groove in the keel, up through the stern-windows, and belay to the captain's tobacco-box. She has also the '*skyfvingurorum*,' a sail something like a kite, which is set in light weather about seventy-five feet above the main-truck, and made fast by a running double hitch under the binnacle and aft through the galley, and belayed to the cook's tea-pot. It is sometimes (when the captain carries his family) made fast to the baby-jumper. Her windlass is rose-wood, inlaid with clam-shells. She has also a French-roll capstan, with musical bars. The caboose is elaborately carved with gilt edges, a Pike county galley-sliding telescopic stove-pipe, of gutta-percha, and a machine for making molasses-candy for the sailors.'

'MUSIC hath charms to soothe,' etc., but when an essayist of the *calibre* of HAZLITT can write as follows of '*The Opera*,' does it not behoove the managers of such an institution, the love of the true spirit of which is so general—for few there be who have not 'music in their souls'—to labor to divest opera of all its *needless* artificiality? Few opera-goers but must have seen and lamented the wholly unnecessary violations of nature which remain unexpunged from the *action* of even some of our most popular operatic representations:

'THE opera is the most artificial of all things. It is not only art, but ostentatious, unambiguous, exclusive art. It does not subsist as an imitation of nature, but in contempt of it; and instead of seconding, its object is to pervert and sophisticate all our *natural impressions of things*. At the theatre, we see and hear what has been seen, said, thought, and done elsewhere; at the opera we see and hear what was never said, thought, or done anywhere but at the opera. All communication with nature is cut off; every appeal to the imagination is shattered and softened in the melting medium

of syren sounds. The ear is cloyed and glutted with warbled ecstasies or agonies, while every avenue to terror or pity is carefully stopped up and guarded by song and recitative. Music is not made the vehicle of poetry, but poetry of music; the very meaning of the words is lost or refined away in the effeminacy of a foreign language.

'A grand serious opera is a tragedy wrapped up in soothing airs to suit the tender feelings of the nurslings of fortune; where tortured victims swoon on beds of roses, and the pangs of despair sink in tremulous accents into downy repose. Just so much of human misery is given as to lull those who are exempted from it into a deeper sense of their own security; just enough of the picture of human life is shown to relieve their languor without disturbing their indifference—not to excite their sympathy, but with 'some sweet oblivious antidote' to pamper their sleek and sordid apathy. In a word, the 'business' of the opera stifles emotion in its birth, and intercepts every feeling in its progress to the heart.'

Strongly put. - - - SONNET to '*A Country Post-Office*' needs correction. 'Murder' and 'further' do not rhyme. - - - SELDOM have we read a more vivid account of the accessories of a night-battle, than may be found in this passage from one of the letters of a correspondent of one of the London daily journals, in the camp before Sebastopol: 'For the last hour, (it is now a quarter to eleven o'clock at night,) a furious fight has been raging all along our front. To a person standing in front of the Fourth Division, the whole of the Russian lines are revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame; and the bright star-like flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town, for three or four miles in length, show that a fierce contest is going on before the trenches of the Allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire where the fuse is burning, describe their terrible curves in the air, and seem to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets, with long tails of dropping sparks, rush like comets through the air! Above all, the pale crescent moon is shining from a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rockets, and the whizzing of the round shot, form a horrid concert!' A terrible thing is WAR! - - - THERE are two or three recent inventions of our ingenious countrymen which might be turned to good account in the American department of the French 'Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.' We have already mentioned in these pages the successful experiment of the inventive Yankee, who, convinced that a silk purse *could* be made out of a sow's ear, contrary to the maxim, 'went and *made* one that could n't be beat;' and which, he said, had 'become very '*popular*' among the women-folks.' Moreover, a mechanic of Genesee county, in this State, has rendered useless another maxim of a similar purport. 'Making a whistle of a pig's tail,' says the *Buffalo Courier*, 'has long been quoted as a synonym for an impossibility; but orators might as well let the comparison 'dry up,' for we have in our sanctum a *bona-fide* whistle made of a veritable pig's tail, 'and nothing else!' The manufacturer is Mr. WILLIAM HICOX, of Batavia, who has overcome all the obstacles that have hitherto prevented the use of pigs' tails for musical purposes, and *proved*, that after the last squeal has died away in the throat of the incipient swine, the latent elements of a melody still more pleasing to the ear, still exist in the caudal appendage.'

How many desperate cases are saved at the bar by legal ingenuity and eloquence! Here is an instance directly in point, and is entirely authentic. It comes from an eminent judicial source in a Southern State :

'A MAN in the town of — committed murder — a black, diabolical murder. There was not a single feature in the case that Mercy could render available. It was 'red murder,' in the truest acceptation of the term. A lawyer of considerable eminence was called on by the prisoner, but after hearing his own statement, he could give him no other advice than the following :

'My friend, if you are not hanged, it will be because you have broken jail, cut your throat, or — or — *shammed mad!*'

'The murderer took the hint. He was not able to accomplish the first; he was unwilling to do the second; so he attempted the third.

'He came into court on the day of his trial with one glove and one boot on; listened with apparent delight to his arraignment; and when asked, at the conclusion, if he was guilty or not guilty, answered, with a horse-laugh, such as I never heard before nor since :

'Yes — I thank you, Sir, and *no* mistake!'

'In this philanthropic age, this was quite sufficient to arrest the torrent of indignation which had been rightfully setting against the offender, and to substitute in place thereof a feeling of intense sympathy.

'He is mad,' says one.

'Poor fellow!' muttered another.

'What a mercy we have discovered it before he was tried!' ejaculated a third.

'Why don't they take him out of the box?' demanded a fourth.

'By this time, the prisoner, in great glee, had put his glove upon his foot, and thrust his hand into his boot.

'Of course, this was too much for the feelings of the crowd. It was the last hair that broke the camel's back.

'Shame! shame!' was muttered by a dozen philanthropic souls.

'Take him out of the box!' muttered the mob in general.

'Certainly,' said the Judge, 'take him out by all means. Mr. District Attorney, you can have no objection?'

'Not the slightest, may it please your Honor, provided you let two or three of the bailiffs stand between him and me.'

'The by-standers made a rush to execute the mandate of the Court, but the prisoner checked their zeal, though not their sympathy, by knocking down half-a-dozen of them with his boot!

'The Court briefly addressed the jury: 'It was unnecessary to enter into the evidence. The unhappy prisoner had certainly destroyed the life of a man — a husband and a father, leaving his widow and helpless children to misery and want. At the same time, it seemed evident that this was the result rather of misfortune than of crime. We have the evidence of our own senses that the prisoner is *mad* — mad, gentlemen of the jury, as a March hare.

'Would any man, gentlemen, conduct himself so strangely in a court-room — wear his boots and his gloves in so eccentric a manner — if he were *not* mad?

'Gentlemen: I have studied the anatomy of the human mind with much industry, and I think I may say with considerable success; and I flatter myself I am *particularly* conversant with the subject of insanity.

'The brain is a delicate organ. Its membranes are of still more delicate organization. These are the *dura mater* and the *pia mater*. These, intertwining with and intersecting, as it were, the porous substance of the brain, contribute largely to the exercise of its transcendent powers.'

'Our Judge *knows* something, don't he?' said one of the sympathizers.

'*K-n-o-w ? ! !*' said his interlocutor; 'KNOW?' I should think he *did*! All I have got to say is, that I never know'd a man as knows as much as what he knows!

'But,' continued the Judge, 'these membranes become impaired, and even *Reason*, Gentlemen, *REASON* reels, and totters on her throne!

'The most prevalent species of intellectual wandering, however, is denominated '*Homicidal Insanity*,' the prominent symptom of which is a desire to take away human life. Such, I doubt not, is the case with the prisoner.'

'May it please your Honor,' interposed the District Attorney, 'do n't you think that the jury might pronounce this a case of *malicious prosecution*?'

'Perhaps *not*, Mr. District Attorney,' responded the Judge. 'I honor your humanity, Sir; I am rejoiced to see that you can rise superior to the feelings which, I am compelled to say, too often prompt public prosecutors. But, Sir, I think, as a man has really been killed, it *might* be considered a bad precedent to declare this prosecution a malicious one!'

Is there a particle of exaggeration in this, aside from the (perhaps) exaggerated charge of the Judge? Certain it is, that the foregoing is from the pen of an eminent Judge at the South, (now, alas! deceased,) who *saw* what he here describes. - - - WHOEVER has been in Edinburgh, the noble capital of Scotland, cannot fail to have remarked the immense height of the houses in what are called the 'closes' of that romantic and picturesque town. All the artisans to be found in a common village are often congregated together under one roof. This multifariousness of avocation in the same building gave rise to the following lines from a stranger, who was struck by this peculiarity in the Scottish metropolis:

'You may call on a friend of note, and discover him
With a shoe-maker over and a stay-maker under him:
My dwelling begins with a periwig-maker;
I'm under a corn-cutter, over a baker;
Above, the chiropodist; cookery too:
O'er that is a laundress -- o'er her is a Jew;
A painter and tailor divide the eighth flat,
And a dancing-academy thrives over that!'

In the republic of letters we sometimes meet with some specimens of the *Scientific Burlesque* so grotesquely amusing, that the wisest heads can hardly help laughing at them. The *London Punch* has had many examples in this kind, some of which gave grave offence to learned professors, and other officers of learned societies. The following is good:

'If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much *milk* will a cow give when fed on Ruta-Baga turnips?

'ANSWER: Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs in the cow's tail -- then divide the product by a turnip; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer!'

PROFESSOR JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, of Cambridge, Mass., now absent in Germany, to perfect himself in studies which he will be called upon to supervise in others, in the exercise of the new office which he has been unanimously chosen to fill in Harvard University, has the clearest *Yankee Thoughts* and the most felicitous skill and tact in expressing the same in flowing Down-East Yankee verse. Here is a little specimen from a piece of his called '*A Courtin' Scene*.' Observe how naturally the 'courtin'-room' and its accessories are described:

'Ag'in the walls the crook-necks hung,
And in among 'em, rusted,
The old Queen's-arm, that Gran'ther Young
Brought back from Concord, bu'sted.

'The very room, 'cause she was in 't,
 Looked warm, from floor to ceilin',
 And she looked full as sweet ag'in
 As the apples she was peelin'.

'She heard a foot, an' *knowed* it tew,
 A-raspin' on the scraper;
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

'He kin' o' listened on the mat,
 Sum doubtful of the sekel,
 His heart kept goin' pitty-pat,
 But her'n went pity-ZEKIEL.'

which same ZEKIEL was, of course, the name of the lov'yer aforesaid.

Apropos of 'courtin': that was a 'cool' man who, after having given over a marriage which it had been currently reported was about to take place, on being asked the reason, said: 'I had been with her, you know, a good while, and noticed that she was rather cool in her remarks, and hinted that she would rather go home alone than have me with her; but I did n't mind that, you know. Well, one night when we got to the door, says she: 'Mr. —, I do not wish your company any longer, and I'll thank you to keep in your place, and away from me.' That was a little too hard, and I would n't stand it. *I sacked her that very night!*' - - - WHEN you hear a man, swelling with self-importance, derived solely from the accidental possession of mere money; without intellect, without sentiment, without feeling, read to him the following: 'Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles: when they have little to carry, they raise a prodigious clatter: when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rumble.' - - - 'Is it true,' writes a friend, 'that the KNICKERBOCKER 'crowd' have for several years had up a standing reward of a brass quarter, to be awarded to the first man who rhymes to *window*? Here goes! Exchanges please credit:

I.

'YE BAKER.

'Ye Baker stumbled ore ye Troffe,
 Where hee was kneadyng *in* Dough.
 Hys Ladye Loue began to loffe,
 As shee peeped thro' ye Windowe.

II.

'YE LAST DYING SPEECH OF YE BEETLE.

'Ye cruell Man a Beetle tooke,
 Avenst ye wall hym pyuned — oh!
 Then spake ye Betyll toe ye Crowde,
 'Tho' I me *stuck up* I am not proude!
 And hys soule flew out at ye windowe.'

Take the 'quarter!' - - - 'I have no recollection,' writes 'W.,'

of Troy, 'of seeing in print the following, which occurred in one of our Sabbath-schools. I send it to you, because I think it too good to be lost: A teacher who had seven or eight urchins under his charge, on a certain Sabbath asked one of them the question which is found in one of the 'Union Sabbath-School Question Books,' which is as follows: 'What is a vision?' None of the boys promptly answering, the teacher asked whether any one of the scholars could refer to an apt illustration from the Bible. The boys could not think of any. The teacher then called their attention to the vision which is related in the tenth chapter of Acts from the ninth to the nineteenth verse, inclusive; in which PETER witnesses a vision, which was a sheet let down from Heaven, and on it were beasts, fowls, etc.; and PETER was commanded to kill and eat. One of the boys, who seemed to feel a greater interest in the bodily wants of our nature than the spiritual, looked up into the face of the teacher, and wanted to know, if that was a vision? 'Why,' says he, 'how can it be? — was it not *provision* instead of a vision?' The teacher nodded an assent, satisfied that it was really both a *vision* and a *provision*.' - - - WE do not know that we shall be able to make a '*permanent engagement*' with the 'author' of the '*Verses on the Death of Mr. Thompson's Child*.' Our port-folios are full. But we are willing that he should 'show what he *can* do;' and therefore present a specimen of the Elegiac Poem in question: Scene, Rock-Island, Mississippi:

'THE solemn news I now relate,
Twas in Rockisland in this state,
A Boy was drowned in the Stream,
the Son of Mr. THOMPSON.

'Away from home this child did go,
it was on one holy Sabbath day,
he went on the Ice to wash his Sled
where he was numbered with the dead.

'the ice give way, this Boy Sunk down,
this little Son of high Renown.
the news quick to his Parents flew
they for their Son then did pesue.'

We forbear to harrow up the feelings of our readers with farther details of the catastrophe hinted at above. - - - WE very often receive articles, both in prose and verse, which as a whole are imperfect, but *parts* of which are striking and original. Of such is the following, from an effusion entitled, '*Shadows*:'

'It is an awful sorrow, when the Heart
Hath memories in it brighter than its hopes;
When Life's lone march is westward, and the light
Is evermore behind. Love is Life's light.
Love, 'spring-like, breathes upon the tree of joy,
And all its branches blossom, gush to fruit!
'Tis but for once: exhausted by the one
Full answer which it gives unto the call
Of its first season, it can bear no more,
And barren mocks the eye.'

IN the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER we have often spoken of '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' and always in the terms of praise which its

merits demand. It deserves the liberal patronage of the South, which we hope and trust it receives. Its capable editor, recently returned from Europe has written for his magazine many interesting letters, from one of which we take a passage describing the great Cathedral of Cologne, which gives us the best idea of that wonderful structure that we remember to have seen :

‘Of the Cathedral of Cologne, I scarcely know how to state my impressions, so marvellously unreal did it seem to me in its unspeakable beauty. The tracery of the frost-rime on the window-pane, in the drear December, is not more delicate than its rich details of sculpture ; and as one gazes upon the exquisite creation, he half-fears that, like the frost-rime, it will melt into nothingness before him. The loveliest objects in nature are the most transient ; the meteor, the rainbow, the sunset-cloud, the early bloom of womanhood, endure but for a brief season, and the brightness, the glory, the *lumen purpureum*, is gone for ever. And so of this Cathedral, as the visitor lingers in its long-drawn aisles, and drinks in the delight of its purpled atmosphere, a sort of apprehension oppresses him that it will presently fade away as a dream. Begun at a period so remote that the very name of the architect is lost, and never yet completed except in fragments ; half a ruin and half perfection ; with the moss of centuries clinging to its defaced and mouldering towers, and the hammers of a hundred workmen clanking on the splendid gable ; its pavements irised with hues which the sun of the middle-ages first shed through the stained oriels ; and the superstitions of a long period of meñtal debasement yet mingling with the gloom of its cloisters, it stands the most interesting link that connects our own time with one long gone by, and the best symbol, perhaps, of the mediæval idea of religion. It is wonderful how that idea worked itself out, in these enduring and graceful forms, gradually advancing from the grove in which the earliest Christians worshipped God, and borrowing from the lofty arch of interlacing branches the vaulted ceiling, until the temples of the true faith became only the temples of the beautiful, and the spiritual part of devotion was lost in the sensuous.’

READER, if you wish to escape the warm weather, and see some of the most bold and picturesque scenery on this continent, we commend to you the following excursion, to wit : take one of the splendid North-River boats for Albany or Troy, then by rail-road to Whitehall, up Lake Champlain to Rouse's Point, then to Ogdensburg, where you should remain all night. Then take the morning boat for Montreal, which will give you a fine opportunity to see the noble St. Lawrence : passing through the Thousand Islands and over the rapids, you will arrive at Montreal in time for tea. Go to the ‘Montreal House,’ where one of the great COLEMAN family will receive you and take great pleasure in showing you the lions of the place. When you tire of staying here, after supper, you can go on board the ‘JOHN MUNN,’ or any of the fine boats that run to Quebec, which city you will reach in time for breakfast, and where you may spend some time with great pleasure and profit. Then take a trip to the great Saguenay River, where you will find such scenery as you must see to get any true idea of ; then, if you choose to return as you went, you can vary the trip by going into Lake GEORGE at Ticonderoga, where you will find the neatest, cleanest little fairy-like steamer to be found on any lake or river in the world. A sail of three hours through the finest lake scenery in the world will bring you to the large hotels at the head of the Lake, where you can spend all the time you can spare most delightfully. Such a tour can be performed comfortably in ten days or two weeks, and will form an era in your life, a joy that will not pass while memory lasts. Now is just the time to go.